

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

JANUARY

1941



ALL FOR ONE, ONE FOR ALL



"THOSE EXTRAS IN SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CUT PLENTY OF ICE WITH ME!"

Says Hockey's "Dit" Clapper, Captain of the Boston Bruins



MILDNESS IS A 'MUST' WITH ME. CAMELS SMOKE EXTRA MILD AND EXTRA COOL



CAMELS SURE HAVE THE FLAVOR — EXTRA FLAVOR

FOURTEEN YEARS in one of the toughest, most competitive games in sport. And he's still tops. Speed ... endurance ... Dit Clapper (*above*) has both in extra measure. He likes the extras in Camels, too. Camels burn slower and smoke with that extra measure of mildness and coolness that makes such a difference in smoking enjoyment. And there's another advantage in Camel's slower burning, too (*eyes right*).

S-L-O-W is the word for it. Dit—slow burning for extra flavor. Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And that excess heat dulls flavor—leaves you with a flat, tasteless smoke. Slow burning lets the flavor come through in extra measure. No matter how much you smoke, a Camel always tastes good.

Try the slower-burning cigarette. You'll notice the difference ... the extra mildness, the extra coolness, the extra flavor. And your purse will notice the extra smoking per pack (*see below, left*).



● In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



THE NEW ARMY

A New Year's Greeting from

GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL, *Chief of Staff, United States Army*

THE New Year will dawn not only on a New Army, but on the largest Army our country has ever assembled in a time of peace. It is only in order to preserve that peace that the country has called the New Army into being. We are not gazing covetously at any frontier. We have all the *lebensraum* we want.

There is no mystery about our military policy. Our purpose is one, and one alone—to maintain this nation as the stronghold of freedom and democracy which it has been since its founding.

The New Army will train with certain new weapons, be sheltered in large part in new cantonments, study a new I.D.R., hear new commands echo across the parade ground. But all these novelties will not be as new as they seem in the telling. The great difference—call it a novelty if you choose, though it was no novelty to the embattled colonial—is that today there is more room for individual initiative, a deeper sense of per-

sonal responsibility. In the inculcation of these qualities a higher, not a harsher, discipline is enforced. These new soldiers, many of them sons of yours, will, I think, be better soldiers than you were. Could you ask us to set a higher standard?

They will be better soldiers only because they will be better trained. The present European war has proved the value of intensive, thorough training more than any war that has gone before. We are taking that lesson to heart.

OUR new soldiers are moving in orderly procession through the examining rooms of Army Medical Boards to reception centers, where their qualifications for special service are determined. From there they proceed into the organized units with which they will be affiliated during their year of service. At the end of that year they will return to their homes with a sound basic training, and, perhaps more important, with a

deep conviction of the obligations of American citizenship. It cannot be emphasized too often that in this great endeavor we are training, not mobilizing, an Army.

But in one respect—and it is the most important respect of all—the New Army will be the Army we have always known. It will be instilled with the old spirit—the spirit that carried our Army from Lexington to the Meuse-Argonne, the spirit that has always animated American troops fighting, or ready to fight, for all that they hold dear. The zeal with which we prosecute our present intensive defense program will be the best assurance that the New Army will not have to fight. The surest road to peace today, indeed the only road, is for us to become so strong that no one will dare attack us.

That is why we are raising this New Army. That is why today it represents the embodiment of all our hopes and all our prayers.



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War, to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might, to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



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In this issue

THE Hall of Fame of New York University has admitted Stephen Foster to its company of immortals. "Whom We Delight to Honor," by Marquis James, in our January, 1940, issue told the story of that Valhalla. At that time the Hall of Fame contained the busts of 72 famous Americans. The great song writer who gave us "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Folks at Home," with many others, thus becomes the seventy-third.

WHILE the December issue containing John Tunis's boners-in-sports article was still on the press the college football season was turning up one of the greatest boners you ever heard of. The referee's confusion was responsible for Cornell's receiving an extra down in the final minute of its game with Dartmouth, with the result that Cornell was able to score a touchdown and point after touchdown and beat Dartmouth, 7-3. Happy ending: The referee admitted his mistake, Cornell and everybody else acquiesced, and for the record the game will be scored Dartmouth 3, Cornell 0. Twenty-nine years ago Dartmouth was not quite so lucky. A Princeton player's attempt at a field goal bounded along the ground and over the cross bar. Referee W. S. Langford ruled

COVER DESIGN

BY J. W. SCHLAICKER

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BY FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR.

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BY DON WHARTON

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A CHANCE TO GO STRAIGHT

BY KARL DITZER

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BURSTS AND DUDS

EDITORIAL: A CONFESSION OF FAITH

GIVE US THE LIGHTWEIGHTS

BY GRANT POWERS

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

BY BOYD B. STUTLER

WHOA, THERE! SICK CALL!

BY JOHN J. NOLL

A SKINNY THEY WOULD GO

BY HERBERT CURTIS

OUR ANNUAL SERMON

BY WALLGREN

it was a legal goal from the field and the game went to Princeton, 3 to 0. And here's a Ripley for you. On that same day the very same thing came to pass in the Andover-Exeter game which Andover won, 23 to 5. In that case the referee ruled it no goal. The name of the referee was A. M. Langford; he was a brother of the other referee.

FOR an extra lift in spirits you should read *The Easy Chair* department of *Harper's Magazine* for December. Its conductor, the valiant-for-truth Bernard DeVoto, pays tribute to our devotion to the type of democracy which has flowered in these United States over the last 164 years. "They believe," says Mr. DeVoto of Legionnaires, "that events have proved the truth of their beliefs. That human life is more harmonious here than elsewhere. That men are freer, more comfortable, more secure. That the United States has raised human dignity higher than any other nation. That, as there has always been more hope here than elsewhere, so there has been more reason for hope, and always will be."

Important

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 55.

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COMMUNITY



STATE



and NATION

Fifth of a Series on the Principles Contained in the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

MEN tortured by the memories of ruthless destruction came back to their communities from service with the A. E. F. in the last World War. They had done their duty as soldiers to crush those who subjugate the people to the state, but in so doing they had found it necessary to take a part in reducing picturesque European cities to shambles, in wrecking sublime institutions of the old world, in the process of robbing the people forever of some of the treasures of the ages. Haunting them also was the conscience-pricking picture of the refugee victims of the war, the women, the children, the aged, bereft of the last vestige of happiness, possessions and comfort.

It was all contrary to the American way of life, where the state is subordinate, the people supreme. The ingrained philosophy of these men rebelled at the sins they helped to commit in the name of war, and it is little wonder that their jingoism

left their natures speedily as they boarded the transports for the homeland, blessed with "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." As if to atone, these men banded together in The American Legion, intent upon becoming builders, not destroyers, ready to build a happier America. They found they could bury the memories of No Man's Land in constructive effort to improve their communities

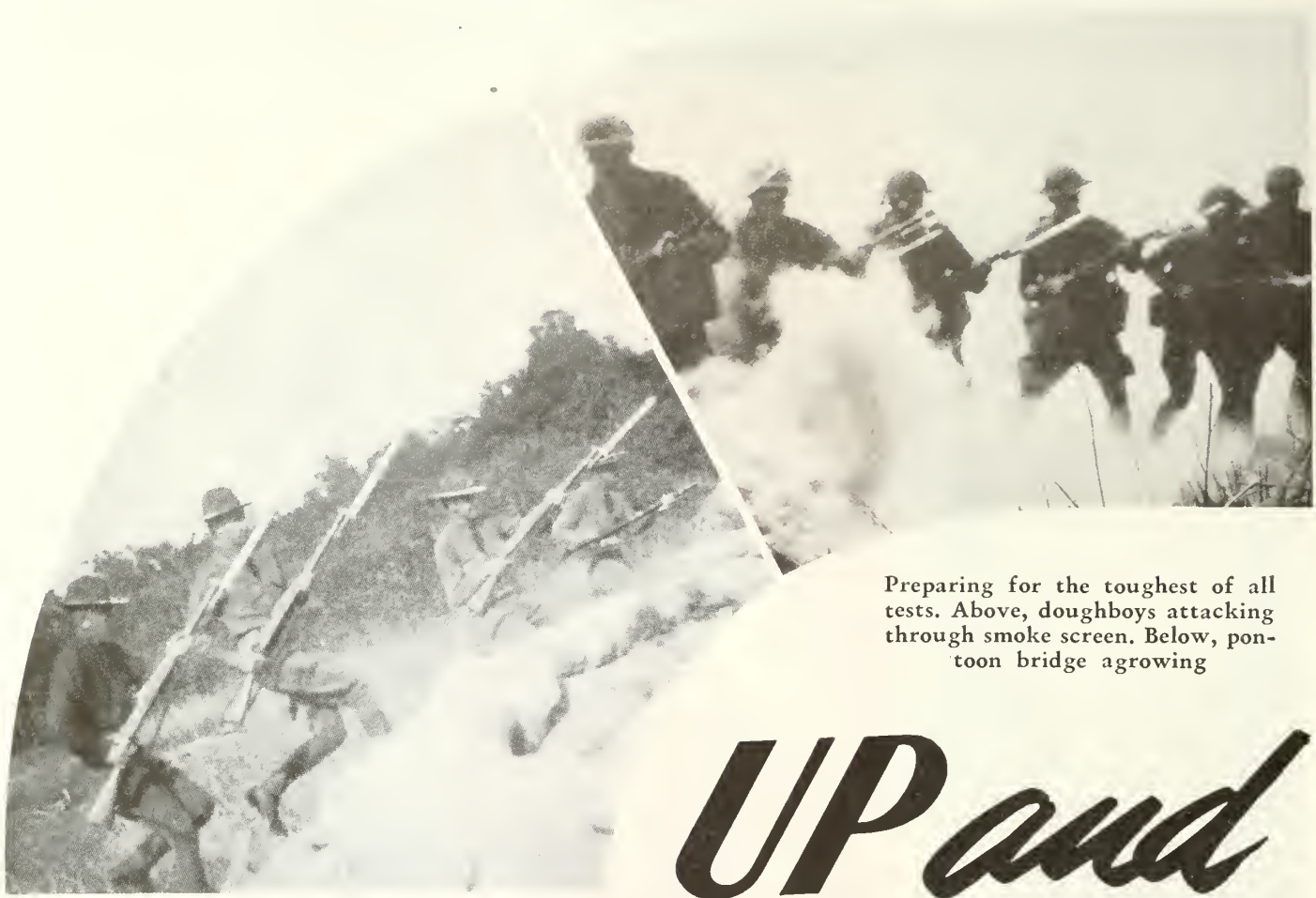
By **ERIK MADISEN**



physically, mentally and morally, and to make government an even greater servant of the people.

Banded together in more than 11,000 Posts in every hamlet, every city and every metropolis, they have nobly carried out the injunction in the Preamble to their Constitution, "To inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State and Nation." The Post, itself a composition of a democracy that knows neither race, creed nor class, has fused its glowing local accomplishments into movements that have reached through the States to the very portals of the seat of government at Washington.

Picture today the great child welfare movement instituted and maintained by the Legion, backed by millions of dollars in annual expenditures. Set off against the goose-stepping youngsters of Europe preparing to destroy all else and themselves, vision of our American children enjoying playgrounds, parks, swimming pools, (Continued on page 58)



Preparing for the toughest of all tests. Above, doughboys attacking through smoke screen. Below, pontoon bridge agrowing

UP and

TROOP LEADING'S A GAME AND UNCLE SAM'S ARMY KNOWS HOW TO PLAY IT

WHETHER or not the Duke of Wellington actually made the remark, "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton," I don't know; but I do know that if we can direct the thousands of our young men, who in the coming months are going to be the officers and non-commissioned officers of our new Army Divisions, to train their men as though the

battle were a game and their small unit a combat team, we will take a long step toward having, in the United States, the finest trained army in the world. I know it, because for thirty-seven years I did just that with every outfit I commanded, from a platoon to a regiment, in the infantry of the Regular Army.

Americans like games and play them better than any other people in the world. What we must do in our new

armies is to get our troops away from the "barracks square," and out in the field, day and night, rain or shine, and practise this game of leading troops in battle. Our new young officers must think of themselves first as coaches and secondarily as captains or lieutenants. I know too that if we make troop leading a game, being drafted into the Army will be highly interesting, exciting experience. There are World Series, Rose Bowls and international cups, but there is no incentive to excel like there is in this game. The lives of the men under these young troop leaders will be in their hands, once the battle is on.

The actual leaders of troops in the modern battle are lieutenants and sergeants. The role of the private soldier is to learn to march, to use his weapon expertly, to take care of himself in the field, and to obey. Officers above the grade of lieutenant direct by proper orders from their headquarters the movements of front line troops, reserves and supplies. At Gettysburg, colonels and even brigadier generals were actually out in front leading their men. But there were no machine guns in that terrible battle.



By

HENRY W. FLEET

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



Water's all important to dough-boys. Here 'tis. At right, skirmishers taking cover. Below, the artillery goes over the river

AT 'EM!

Today an infantry company in attack may cover four or five hundred yards of front. No man should be closer to another man than ten paces. It is impossible for even a captain actually to lead his widely separated company.

I think anyone who has been in active front-line service will agree with me that the battle is like outdoor competitive sports.

It is highly technical, complicated and thrillingly exciting. Millionaire sportsmen spend thousands of dollars, endure hardships and risk disease for the thrill of hunting big game. The rush of a Bengal tiger or the charge of an African lion upon a sportsman armed with a forty-five caliber rifle, is less exciting, because it is less dangerous, than the crash of an approaching tank to a soldier hidden in the brush behind his anti-tank gun.

The average healthy person enjoys a thrill, and regardless of what may be said of the horrors of war, the combat soldier will thrill to the excitement of battle. War is a ghastly tragedy for children, for loved ones left behind and for noncombatants whose homes are in the combat zone; it is a highly exciting game to the great majority of young men, no matter who or what they are, who find themselves in an army uniform.

There are many reasons why company officers of the veteran armies of Europe should be more expert in leading their men than are our young Americans.

In 1887 Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, made a trip around the world and inspected the armies of all first class nations. On his return to England he wrote that he considered man for man the small United States Army unquestionably the best in the world. The Regular Army of those days was made up almost entirely of veterans of the Civil War. The year 1887 was twenty-two years after Appomattox. This year of 1940 is twenty-two years after the World War Armistice.

Nothing can make troops expert in troop leading like war itself. Most of

the officers above the grade of captain of the armies of Europe are, like our 1887 Regular Army, veterans of four years of war. Those who have joined these armies in the post-war years have been trained by experts. But it is not correct to say that without battle experience there cannot be expert troop leading. Probably the finest example of leading men expertly in this war was shown by the white-clad ski soldiers of Finland.

The secret of their success came from their highly developed skill in the use of compass and *(Continued on page 37)*



WHAT YOU'D NEED, WHAT YOU'D HAVE TO DO

IF THE Bombers should come



THE moon is full tonight, dangerously bright. Almost certainly the bombers will be over.

Through the shadowy streets of the blacked-out town strides a man, middle-aged but soldierly. Moonlight picks out the World War ribbon on his dark coat and glints on the white letter painted on his steel helmet—"W" for Air Warden.

He halts at a brick house and knocks. The door opens and closes behind him, and a light-masking blanket, such as he remembers over dugout entrances twenty-five years ago, is swung aside. The family gathered in the parlor welcomes him.

Just checking up, the warden tells them. His practiced eye—there are at least sixty hours of intensive training behind him—notes that everyone has his helmet and gas mask at hand, with a box respirator for the baby. From pockets for him to see are produced earplugs and pieces of wood or rubber. The children show him how during a raid they will grip those pieces between their teeth, thus keeping their mouths open to protect eardrums against concussion from a bomb's blast.

The careful inspection continues. The attic, where incendiary bombs may lodge, has been cleared of inflammable material. Near the filled fire buckets stands a hand-pump. Down in the stoutly shored-up cellar shelter is drinking water and food; also books and toys for children. It's best to keep minds occupied when cooped up, with tons of high explosive crashing outside. A cleated incline has converted the coal chute into an emergency exit. Where it opens in the yard, masonry has been built around and over it to prevent its being blocked by falling debris. This family is safe from everything but a direct hit.

A "decontamination squad" at work after the bombers pass. Below, girl worker smiles following rescue from collapsing building



Back in the parlor, the warden bends to pat the dog. A muzzle is buckled to its collar, ready to be put on in a raid, when the terrified animal might bite. Everything is in readiness here. The warden, approving, is turning to leave when the sirens start to shriek their warning.

"Down you go," he orders. "We'll watch out for you. Cheerio."

"We can take it," the family calls after him. "Good luck."

The ominous drone of plane engines swells louder. Searchlights sweep the sky. Anti-aircraft batteries flash and thunder as they hurl their shrapnel upward to burst among the raiders. Out in the roar of battle, familiar now as of old, the veteran hurries toward his post at the Air Raid Precautions center. "And so into the breach once more."

IT HAPPENED in England. Such scenes are as typical as they have been frequent. Back of them stands a striking fact not yet widely known and appreciated: the British began the organization of the Air Raid Precautions service back in 1935. History will write of the Battle of Britain, whatever its outcome, that it was gallantly sustained because a nation, unready in other respects, was prepared in this vital one

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

A London hospital achieves a hundred percent blackout, as does every other building

of the A.R.P. Because a thousand and one details had been seen to, because of long hours of training, because of equipment at hand, millions of men, women, and children, suddenly at the front, stood staunch under the terror from the skies.

We Americans, reading the graphic newspaper accounts of the air raids and scanning photographs of crowded underground shelters, have been filled with admiration for British courage. Perhaps as we read, the hum of an airliner overhead and the coincidental wail of a fire engine or ambulance siren in the street, brought the grim business across the Atlantic home to us a little. When next we were down in the cellar stoking the furnace or in a subway station, some of us have reflected, "This would be a tough place to spend the night. Not my idea of a bedroom."

Beyond that, air raids have remained as a remote possibility in the minds of many of us. So they must have seemed to the British in 1935 when they, nevertheless, launched the A.R.P.

Lately an increasing number of Americans have been asking: Is this danger so remote from our coastal cities and island possessions? Without being alarmist and calling it an immediate peril, isn't it high time something were done by way of air raid precautions? Training and equipment is a tremendous job. The British had four years to organize their small, close-knit islands. How much time does the United States need, and what has been accomplished?

It is a source of pride to The American Legion—as it well may be a signpost pointing (*Continued on page 55*)

An air raid warden escorts a mother and her baby after bomb demolishes their home

A deep subway station gives these Londoners a chance to catch up on sleep

The light's right, and it's safe: Emergency operation in an air raid shelter. Below, clean-up after the bombers pass





Illustrator, FRANK STREET

NEVER mind," I said, "we'll eat somehow. Always have." Al didn't say anything. He was stretched out on the bed reading some small town newspaper. His hair was glossy black against the dingy pillow and the lines around his chin and jaw were set tight the way they always were. Al's expression seldom changed. He'd hit a guy with the same look as he'd buy a pack of cigarets. Except his eyes. Blue. Sometimes they had a glint. When he was interested. They had that now, all at once.

He got up, tall and rangy lean in tapered riding pants, a sateen shirt, a neckerchief caught through a ring at his throat. "How much money you got?" he said.

"Three dollars and some change," I told him, "what—"

"Gimme it," Al said. He went over to the cardboard suitcase. There was the glint and rattle of ivory and the dice gleamed in his hand.

"Now look here, Al," I began, "I don't like that stuff. Crooked dice—" Al rubbed them in his hands. He had that slit of grin. Wise. Hard. "Sure they're crooked," he said, "good and crooked. Crooked and good. And how many times have they got us a stake when there wasn't any other way?"

He had me there. "Just the same, Al," I kept on, "they're going to trip you, us, up sometime. And I don't like that kind of dough. I—" Al grinned at me.

"Now don't you be goin' soft again, Linny," he said. "You take my motto—'Get the dough'—and never mind so much how. Because if you don't get it, somebody else will. And there's no-

body more important to me than Al McCoy. Get it?" He started for the door. "I'll be back," he said. "I got a idea. From that paper." He went out.

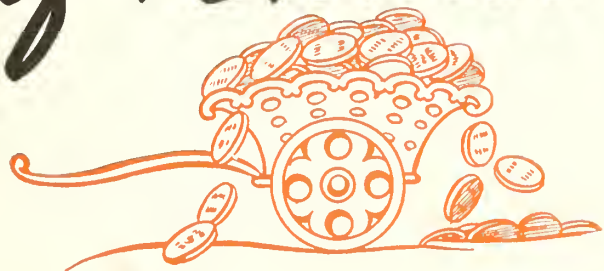
I didn't like it. Maybe it's because I'm older—forty now, a little more, to Al's just twenty-five—or maybe it's because I remember things I got told once, long time ago. But that motto never had hit me. Some day it was going to bounce back hard on Al. I was sure. He was just a kid, really. good looking with that slash bang coming-through swing to him and lots to learn that words from me could never teach him. I picked up his paper.

Nothing in it I could see. Milk prices and the drought and the summer theater ads. That was the trouble. That was one reason we were broke here in a cheap hotel the Lord knew where. The summer theater and the movies and the dance halls. No more time for country fairs and carnivals. They were going by. So were we, I guessed. Al McCoy and Lin Morrell—The Bar U Ranch—Wyoming. Cowboys. Sure, it said so on our horse trailer. Roping, bucking, fancy riding. I had to laugh. Cowboys. With Al from Brooklyn and me from a tote-water farm in upstate New York. Phonies.

Oh, we could ride. You can learn that in carnivals. That and a lot of other things. Near thirty years I'd had of it. And all Al's life, I guess. I'd run away from home. Excitement, that's what I'd wanted. Well, I'd had that. Plenty of it. And



Cartload of Pennies



some twenty miles out, with the nags comfy in their trailer and the moon warm.

Al swabbed up the last bit of egg from his plate. "I been hearing about this Endurance Ride," he said. "Some of the cannons played it last year." A cannon is a pickpocket. "Did all right, too. Seems that a bunch of carrot feeders in a association with a big name get together to see what horse can go the distance and lose the least pounds and get the fewest sores. I dunno why they do, but they do and it ought to be a cinch."

"But Al," I said—this was still screwy even with a meal in me—"they must get some good horses, and we—"

"We got two good horses." Al straightened on his stool. "They're young enough, and they got good feet and legs and they're plenty tough from knockin' 'round. Give 'em a few good feeds and we won't have no trouble gettin' 'em in shape. Besides," with a wise nod that he'd been thinking, "besides, from what I hear, they all miss one big bet. That's a hilly country and none of 'em get up there and spend enough time gettin' their horses used to the hills. That's where we'll catch 'em. With this stake we'll be there a month early and we'll be set. You'll see." He got up. "And then, with all that dough we can head south this winter. It'll be warm there." It had been cold the last two winters. Awful cold.

"O.K.," I said, paying off the lunch cart, "only," as we went out, "only lay off them dice." Al grinned that way. "There might even be some of that," he said, "just for gravy." He drove. I kept quiet. Somehow I didn't like this thing.

By nightfall next day we start coming into this Hewburne country. Nice, it was. Soft, green, foldy hills that tucked in around the road, the shadows kind of blue in the distance. Red barns and white houses and collie dogs and guys walking with that funny upsy-downsy stoop-shouldered shuffle that farmers get, and the supper smoke straight up and lazy from the chimneys. Must be good, I thought, living in one place. Fix the fence, paint the shed. Home. "Air's got a kick, hasn't it," I said, "better'n a drink." Al grunted.

A sign said Hewburne Township. "This is it," Al said. We drove down the main stem, street lights flickering, guys loafing along, sleeves rolled up. Gals. One-horse town and the horse in the barn.

"We're for the Endurance Ride," Al said to a bunch on the

By NEWLIN B. WILDES

He was moving down the path, and it was up to me to see that the kid got in. I called him plenty things

now what good was it. Three bucks and a car that might run and two horses and pretty soon Al would come in broke or in trouble, likely. The high heeled boots hurt my feet. I wished I had a spot some place—a home. I wished—

Somebody was shaking me. "Get up," Al said. He moved around quick, the way he did when things were breaking.

"What happened?" I fumbled for my boots. Al held out his hands. "Seventy bucks," he said. "They rolled good. Come on, we're on our way."

"Where to?" I gaped. Al picked up the paper. His face was a dark-set shadow in the glare.

"Endurance Ride," he read. "September 25. Three days. Fifty miles each day. First prize five hundred dollars. second two-fifty, third—time and condition only to count. Free stabling. Enter now." He put the paper down. "Get it?" he said. "You're an endurance rider." I sat there on the bed.

"Now listen, Al," I said, "these pokes of ours—they're bucking horses. They're—"

"They're endurance horses," Al said, packing fast. "Didn't you know."

"But—" I began again. Al swung 'round quick. "Listen, Linny," he said, "I got those dice in my bag and the boys here are apt to get talking after a few more beers and I don't want to be here. Understand?" I understood. We ate

store steps. "Where do we stable?" They pointed out the barns, big and weatherbeaten, at the end of the street. An old guy with a limp came out.

"Sure," he said, "bring 'em in. You're the first. Take your pick." There must have been seventy stalls, big boxes. "All free 'ceptin' feed. You got to pay for that till the week of the ride. I can get it for—"

"I'll get it myself," Al said, very short. He always figured someone was trying to take him. We slept in a little room at the end and it was cool and quiet and smelled of clover hay.

Next day there were fifty kids around the trailer and I must have lied a hundred times about Wyoming. I always hate to lie to kids. "I thought they was buckin' horses," one of 'em said, disappointed.

"Naw," I said, "these are cow ponies. Cayuses." They'd buck all right, with a cinch strap tight around 'em. Other times they'd sit in your lap. A good pair. Jake and Dough. Light buckskins with a black stripe down their backs. I rode Jake.

"We'll do just a couple of miles today," I said, "ease 'em in." Al nodded. When we got back he left me washing their backs with salt water, to toughen 'em, and went off. I took a look in the bag. The dice were gone. Al never could leave well enough alone.

In the morning I said, "Well, what happened?" and he grinned. "This and that," he said. "Come on, we'll eat downtown."

We went into a stage-stop lunch. Then I got it. There was a girl. Waitress. Small, pert, trim as a colt's trot. Black hair, straight, friendly eyes and an air about her that said she knew her way around but didn't like alleys. Al said, "Julie, this is Lin, my sidekick," and she said "Hello," nice and bright-fresh and you had to like her.

"You from around here?" I said and the eyes had a twinkle. "Yep," she said, "just a country girl." Then, with that twinkle a little deeper, "And you're from Wyoming, too, I suppose." I looked at her. She gave in and smiled. Al must have told her. Funny. He didn't usually give out like that. "O.K.," I said. "We're friends."

"You be nice to that kid," I said to Al when she was away. "She's different." Al kept on eating. On the way out he said, "See you tonight?" and she just gave him a look that wasn't yes but wasn't any no, and we went back to work. And I kept thinking, "Al'll be all right with her. Sure he will." Only . . . Well, it was none of my business.

AND then, some three days later, something happened that sort of was my business. Like this. We are working the nags away back through the hills in country that you don't see a farm but every two miles, and there, in a little valley, we come



on a place. House on one side of the road, barn on the other. Trim. Picked up. "Water," I say, and we swing into the barnyard and the ponies are soaking it up from the trough—and all at once there are two eyes watching me, and I swing around and there she is.

A kid. A girl. Ten, I would say. Just a little tab. Overalls and bare feet and that thin little reed of a neck they have, her hair skun back tight in two perky braids and the size of her eyes like doughnuts. Brown, too. Freckles on a stub of a nose and a great deal of thought going on there very serious.

"Hello," I said. I like 'em, kids. They get me. And she said, "Hello," not too shy, but busy looking. Until "Are you cowboys?" she said, as if that couldn't be true, not even the wide hats and boots and all.

"Yep," I said, "that's right," and she fed on that.

"I've got a horse," she said finally.

"You haven't!" I said, great surprise. "What kind is he?"

"He's a Morgan," she said, starting to move. "He's in there. I'll get him," halfway to the stable.

"Come on," Al said, impatient.

"Wait a minute," I said. "She probably doesn't talk to anybody much." There was a thud-thud-thud on planks and out she came, bareback—on as cute a bit of horse as you ever want to see. Dark chestnut, black mane, black tail, small, quick head and just as round and pert and up and coming as could ever be. Like a lot of mount for such a kid, even if not too big. 'Bout fourteen hands and two, I'd say—no pony, a real horse.

"Well!" I said. Even Al was taking it in now. She swung

**On as cute a bit of horse
as you ever want to see**



She kept looking at me, into me, with those brown eyes. I got to stuttering and Al would snicker. Then she'd help me out. She knew more than I ever would.

"You ought to win the Endurance Ride easy," she said. "Fifty miles a day isn't much for a cowboy's horse. I ride most fifty miles some days. Trigger can do it." He looked like he could. A good knit little monkey.

"You'd ought to go in it yourself," I said, kidding. She was serious. "I want to," she said, "but my father says no. He says there wouldn't be anybody to take care of me." She rode along quiet for a minute.

"How much is five hundred dollars?" she said. She near had me there, too. "It's a lot of money," I said.

"How much?" she said. "How much in pennies? Would it fill a cart?"

"It would fill a dozen carts," I told her. "Oh," she said, very quiet.

"Who's on your farm?" I asked her, "you and your pa and your ma—any others?"

"Just my father and me," she said. The horses walked along plop-plop-plop. "My mother went away. A long time ago. She didn't like farms. She said they were too quiet."

"Oh," I said. What else. After a while she said, "It's a good farm. Only my father needs a lifting partner. I can't lift very good. I'm too small."

"You'll grow," I said. The dust got in my eyes. We came to a four-corners.

"You go down there," Angie said.

"Thanks." I took off my hat. "We're much obliged. See you again some time." Still she waited. Then, the words all rushing and as if it was the most important thing that ever could be and her heart would break. "Could I ride some more with (Continued on page 41)

alongside and our two bucks were interested, and just then somebody comes around the barn.

A big guy he was, slow and rocky-solid, with arms on him like trees, and gray eyes, as he came close, that seemed to see and wait, and that you'd never want to monkey with. "How do," he said, leaving it up to us, and I said, "We just stopped to water. We're working out for the Endurance Ride." That seemed to place us better.

"Oh, yeah," he said. "I read about that." Silence.

"That's a nice little horse your kid's got there," I said, picking up my reins. "I seen a lot and none better." It touched him off. He opened a grin you could cook on and you could see he was proud of 'em as a hen of a chick.

"Kind o' likely little horse," he managed, watching them. Al horned in: "Any way we can circle back from here?" he said, in a hurry to get on. The farmer started to tell him, but the kid broke in.

"Let me show them," she said. "I know all the roads. I could lead them." She wanted to so much it almost ran out of her eyes. The big guy hesitated.

"Wal, I don't know—"

"Sure appreciate havin' her," I said, helping out, and he said, "You be back by milkin', now, Angie," and we went off.

She rode beside me, Angie did. "I know about cowboys," she said. "I've got a book about them. They do good."

"Some of 'em do," I said.

"All of them," she said, very firm. "They catch rustlers and save people and are kind to animals. I know." She had me there. "What's it like on the prairies?" she wanted to know.

So I told her. I did pretty good. After faking all these years I'd ought to. But it didn't come so easy, somehow.

"I couldn't take a chance like that, Linny," she said. "I wouldn't dare"



WATCH THAT



Stronger than anything else in Japan, even the Emperor and the army, is 86-year-old Toyama's Black Dragon Society. Hell-bent for a "New Order in Asia" to supplement the Axis plan for Europe, will the Rising Sun Empire let her Chinese adventure go and attack the British? Toyama's statement on this point and on the Philippines may help you make your own forecast

Japan, for a Japan that might talk back, is the most colorful and mysterious figure in all the Far East.

He looks like a sinister old spider, as he squats, swathed in

Sikh police restoring order after students' patriotic demonstration in Shanghai, last summer



WHILE Europe burns with the flames of war, worried Americans are now turning their eyes eastward to the powder keg that bears the trademark of the Rising Sun.

Most Americans know that Japan, without money and without food, exhausted from a profitless, endless tangle in China, will commit national hari-kari, if need be, to attain its long dreamed of goal—an Asia exclusively for Asiatics.

But what most Americans don't know is the story behind the headlines out of Tokyo, the story of the man who may ignite the powder keg, who may convert Japan's New Order in the East into a new disorder.

That man, who has worked seven decades for a dynamic

DRAGON

By

IRVING
WALLACE



A fist-shaking girl
heads Chinese food riot-
ers in Shanghai. Below, Jap
Marines on guard in the Chapei
District of Shanghai

black, on his bearskin rug. He is 86 years old, a dreadful ancient so heartily feared by Japanese newspapers that for years the *Toyko Nichi-Nichi* and the *Asahi* have timidly used asterisks in place of his name!

He has never held a political office or an official position in Japan. But he has made and unmade premiers and ministers. He has dictated foreign policies. He has started wars. For three-quarters of a century he has bathed the Far East in terror and death.

His name is Mitsuru Toyama—prophet of pan-Asian nationalism, founder and head of the powerful and secret Black Dragon Society and its millions of members. He is Gandhi, Hitler and the Grand Lama of "Lost Horizon" rolled into one. He is Capone and Disraeli and Florence Nightingale—a super-assassin who is today the figure behind the emperor-god and the voice behind the premier.

In recent years Mitsuru Toyama's influence was said to be on the wane. But today, with imperialism and international opportunism in the air, Toyama, preacher of peace, philosopher of force, is back. Of course, his name is little known in Europe and almost entirely unknown in America. But because his aggressive ideas have at last been adopted by the new Konoye government, and because his Black Dragon society, most powerful of Japan's 200 secret organizations, has once again stirred into action, Toyama's name may soon be familiar around the globe.

When I arrived in Tokyo early in September the old man's name was everywhere. Young students in their black uniforms and beardless soldiers in their ill-fitting khaki outfits whispered of him with reverence. Older army men, and statesmen, discussed him with patriotic fervor.

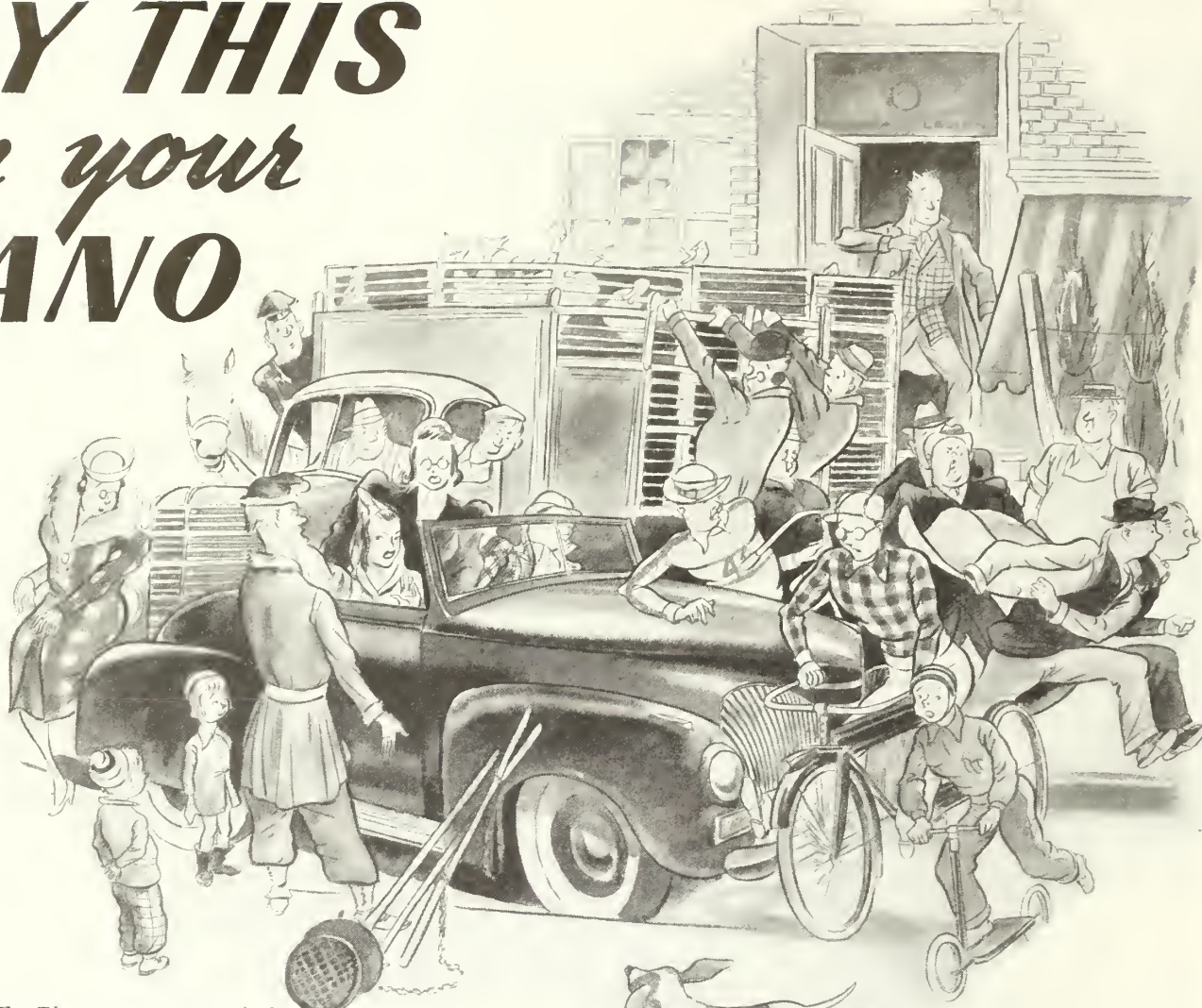
Thus, the real news from the Orient is

this: Toyama, with his Tolstoi-white beard, his soft, throaty chuckle, his prayer beads—and his band of fanatics and assassins—has returned. And now the shadow of the Black Dragon lengthens over the Pacific.

Mitsuru Toyama has been called many things by many people—ranging from the Tokyo (Continued on page 44)



TRY THIS on your PIANO



SCENE: The new quarters of the Blank Post of The American Legion, to which it has just moved from a large, many-roomed office building.

TIME: Shortly before Christmas; nearing the end of a desultory meeting, with the members yawning, playing with their watch chains and gazing at the ceiling.

POST COMMANDER: Is there anything more for the good of the Legion? If not, I—

POST ADJUTANT: (suddenly coming to life) Oh, Mr. Commander, I almost forgot. I got a telephone call today from the superintendent of the building we moved out of asking when we were going to take away our piano. It was the only thing left when we moved.

COMMANDER: I suppose we'll have to get it out of there and over here. I will entertain a motion to have our piano moved from our old quarters to these new ones.

COMRADE JONES: Sennamotion.

COMMANDER: All in favor say "Aye;" contrary, "No."

(A few feeble, disinterested "Ayes.")

Carried. I will appoint—

COMRADE SMITH: Ain't it gonna cost

"I'm passin' the hat right now and startin' it with five bucks"

By

FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR.

somethin' to move it, Mr. Commander. I know I ain't gonna carry no pie-anna eighteen blocks on my back like I done with a pack in 1918 when I was—

ADJUTANT: I understand the cost of moving is from seven dollars and a half to ten dollars.

COMRADE BUZZY: The damned thing isn't worth seven and a half to us.

SMITH: Then let's let it go. There ain't no use in—

CHORUS OF MEMBERS: That's right. Let it go.

COMRADE HEMINGWAY: But, Mr. Commander, this Post just passed a motion to have it moved.

JONES: Sennamotion we unpass it.

COMRADE HEMINGWAY: That's no way to do business. You have to have a motion to reconsider made by somebody who voted in favor of the original motion, then if that's passed you have to rescind the original motion and then you have to pass another one to abandon the piano. After all, we can't just give away an asset of this Post, no matter if it is small, without a proper record of how it was done.



... through the door and out into traffic, caring for nothing else than the necessity of killing that contract



SMITH: Fer cryin' out loud! What is this here, anyway? Do we got to make a *Congressional Record* fer the Adjutant to spend a couple of days of his valuable time writin' up on seven dollars and a half's worth of paper all for only *not* to spend seven dollars and a half of our comrades' money fer movin' a jingle-box what ain't worth seven and a half even when it's standin' still? It don't make sense. That's the trouble with this here Post, we—

A MEMBER: I voted for the motion. Move to reconsider.

JONES: Sennamotion.

(After due formality, the motion to reconsider is passed, the original motion rescinded and a new motion to abandon the piano to its fate passed.)

COMMANDER: (as the members, getting ready to leave, button their vests and look around for their hats and coats.) Well, that settles that matter. If there is no further business to come before—

POST PUBLICITY OFFICER: (explosively and with the light of sudden inspiration in his eyes.) Say, Mr. Commander! I got a great idea! Wouldn't it be a wonderful piece of community service for the Post to give that piano to some child of a veteran who wants to take music lessons and can't afford to buy a piano? Think of the publicity!

And just at Christmas time! Oh, boy, what a heart-interest story! It's front-page stuff, Mr. Commander.

(The members are arrested; their interest aroused.)

SMITH: You got somethin' there, buddy. That's a great idea. It's about time this here Post did some real worth while community work.

HEMINGWAY: But, gentlemen, you just passed a motion to *abandon* the piano.

SMITH: So *what*? Honest, Commander, this guy'll drive me nuts. Ain't we got a right to change our minds, same as a woman buyin' a new hat, or do we got to stay here all night passin', repassin', rescindin', reconsiderin' and reverbatin' just to give some poor kid a pie-anna which we already has said we don't want anyhow? What the hell kind of piddlin', petti-foggin'—

JONES: Sennamotion we reconsider the mo-

tion we passed after unpassin' the motion we passed before we—

A MEMBER: Hold everything! We got to do this thing right.

(Everybody is now worked up. In some confusion the members finally get everything cleared up.)

COMMANDER: I'll (Contd. on page 46)

Illustrator, GEORGE SHANKS



"I will not! We won't do it! I'm a nervous wreck!"

FISHING boats off Tampa were tossed about uncomfortably by the bow wave of the long, sleek ship which tore past at a speed the fishermen noted as altogether incredible in a freighter. What was her hurry? None, apparently, for half way to the horizon she stopped abruptly, shuddering with the vibration of her reversed engines. Then full speed astern. Nor was that the end of her eccentric antics. Rushing ahead once more, she swerved sharply to starboard without the slightest reduction of speed. The cook, the fishermen guessed, must be cursing as his pots slid and spilled all over the galley. She swung on the other tack as wildly; she steamed in giddy circles. Then off she went, out of sight.

She was the *Sea Witch*, namesake of a great clipper, fresh from the Tampa

a half. In contrast to the slow, old freighters left over from the World War building boom these 54 are all fast, efficient and quickly convertible into naval auxiliaries. Twenty-one more have been launched, and 104 besides are in various stages of building.

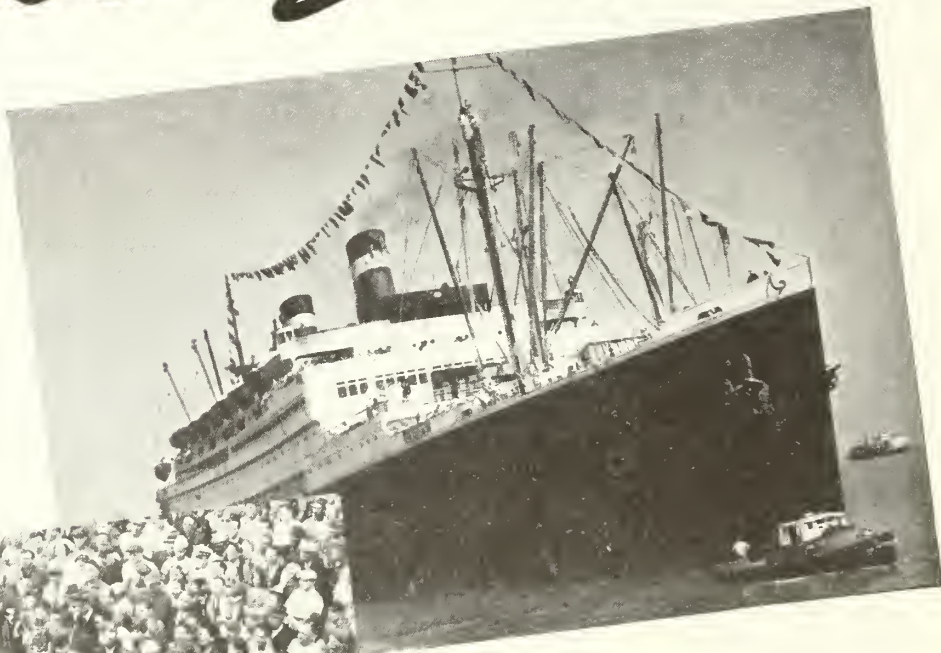
They give us strength where we had weakness. The great Admiral Mahan defined sea power as "naval vessels plus bases plus merchant marine." Yet in 1917, three months after entering the war, we could assemble only seven troop and six cargo ships in condition for transport service. This time we are better off—thanks to a stitch-in-time merchant marine program launched in 1938 and to men who farsightedly pushed it far ahead of schedule.

While European powers have been losing five or six million tons of ships to the mine, torpedo and bomb, our merchant fleet has been gaining strength daily. Already it is better than at any time since the clipper era and more ships are still coming off the ways in a steady stream. The United States Maritime Commission building program calls for 50 ships a year for 10 years—roughly 4,000,000 tons. The first contracts were let in 1938 and now total 179 ships built or building—29 ahead of the 1938-39-40 quotas. The 10-year cost to the Government has been put at \$1,250,000,000.

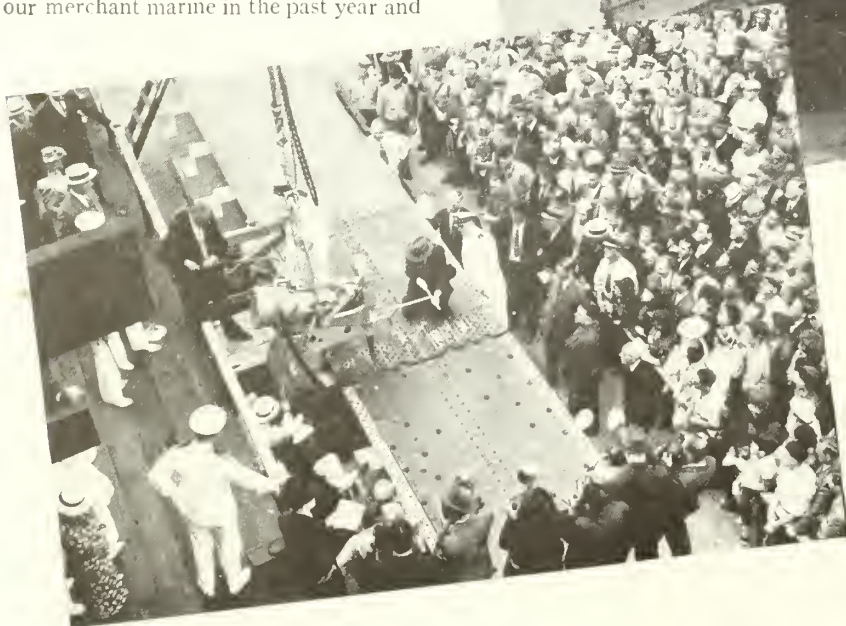
Each ship built is designed for war-time conversion into a naval auxiliary and already the Navy has taken 23 of them—several before they ever made a

WE'RE GETTING *those Ships*

shipyards, going through the torture of her trials. She came back to port boasting proudly of 18½ knots top speed as compared with 12 knots for most American freighters. She made this speed at an hourly fuel consumption of .42 pounds per shaft horsepower—which is something like your car getting 30 miles to the gallon. Aboard, she has extra girders to support gun emplacements, gear for quick installation of paravanes to protect against mines, and many other national defense features. She cost \$3,000,000. She is one of 54 new ships delivered to our merchant marine in the past year and



The Washington of the United States Lines, threatened some months ago with torpedoing by a U-boat. At left, laying the keel of the battleship Washington at Philadelphia. She'll be in commission in 1941



voyage. Since April, 1939, we have launched roughly a Commission ship a week; in one fortnight this fall there were eight launchings. We needed them; among all the other American vessels in foreign trade there are only 46 ships under 20 years of age, only 24 of them under 10 years old.

This building program is based on the

The American Merchant Marine in Expansion As a National Defense Measure



Merchant Marine Act of 1936, a 36-page document which boils down to this: Frank, above-board subsidies (instead of the old subterfuge of mail contracts at extravagant rates) for building and operating merchant ships in peacetime so as to aid the Navy in wartime. In short, Congress puts up the money, the Maritime Commission uses it to pay the difference between American costs and foreign costs, both in building and operating, and the Navy has the privilege of buying the ships when needed. The cost of including the features the Navy demands, and the cost of building with American labor, together add perhaps 50 percent to the cost of a ship—though this varies so widely with the type of ship that the generalization means little.

THE building speedup is largely credited to Admiral Emory S. Land, who succeeded Joseph P. Kennedy as chairman early in 1938. Admiral Land has kept his mind centered on ships rather than allowing it to be confused by trade economics. He's more interested in winning wars than saving dollars. A naval construction expert, formerly head of all navy yards, he knew the Navy's strength in combat vessels was offset by weakness in auxiliaries—ammunition ships, submarine and plane tenders, transports, cargo ships, hospital ships, and so on. Back in 1938 when shipping lines were hesitant about building even with the Commission

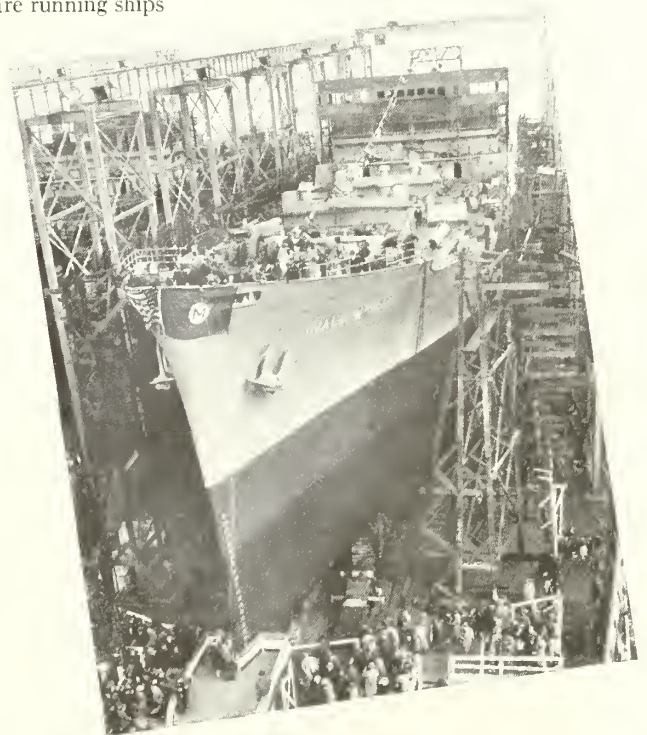
paying the extra cost. Admiral Land pushed ahead anyway, laying down ships on the Commission's own account. He had no buyers in sight but the Act said build ships and build ships he did. He didn't know who would operate them but he knew the Navy would need them. As it turns out, every ship the Navy hasn't requisitioned is sailing the seas—either purchased or chartered by a private concern. Some 15 operators are running ships under agreement with the Commission.

Again, in the summer of 1939, before war came, Land called to his desk Commander Howard Vickery—then his executive officer, today a commissioner. Together they planned what is now regarded as a master stroke—speeding up contracts. They ordered in 1939 what was not due to be ordered until late 1940. Seeing war ahead, a

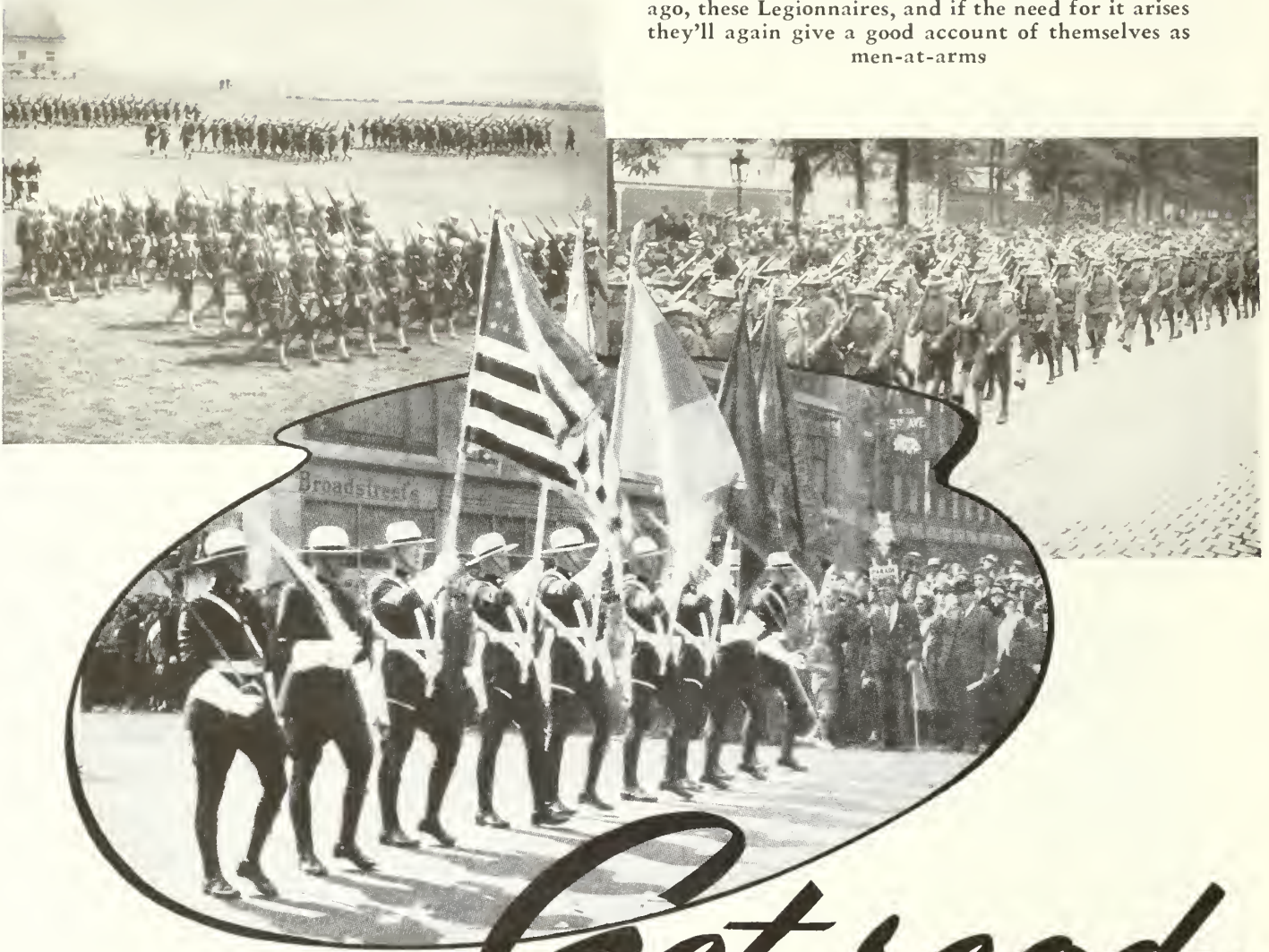
Launching of the Donald McKay, one of our speediest ships. At top, the America, the greatest vessel ever built in this country

rise in construction costs, and a navy demand for every yard, they secured gentlemen's agreements with the shipyards not to jump prices and then in 41 days after Hitler marched, let 67 contracts.

This program, particularly this speed-up, has rejuvenated a merchant marine dying of old age. It has prevented the collapse of American shipbuilding. It has created five new shipyards—at Tampa and Beaumont (*Continued on page 52*)



They parade today as they did twenty-two years ago, these Legionnaires, and if the need for it arises they'll again give a good account of themselves as men-at-arms



Get ready.

OUR EXPANDING DEFENSE SCHEME IS OUR INSURANCE AGAINST ATTACK

IN THE vast preparations that are being made to prepare the United States for that grim anything-can-happen, where do the million and more Legionnaires fit, aside from those of us who are in the Reserve and who will be back in uniform if things really get tough?

"Where do I fit?" each of these men tested in the fire of an earlier day of decision wants to know. "Uncle Sam can use me somewhere."

For answer we have the lessons that this present war is teaching. As a Legionnaire I was soaked in them for home application. For the sake of them I hope some youngsters will read this article. Anyhow, they are lessons we can pass on to the youngsters.

In the long wait of inaction before the

overwhelming German drive began through Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg it was the mood on the Allied side which surprised me. It was a kind of wait-and-sit-and-take-it mood. That is why I thought so often of General John J. Pershing.

He was not given to making a defensive army. He was out to make a striking army, which would hit the enemy and keep on hitting him until he yielded. We know what tough schooling it was, and that it was the schooling the soldiers of a democracy must endure if they want to win a war.

I often thought, over there this time, what would have been the result if Pershing had had such an army in the fatal crisis of Allied fortunes in May, 1940, as he had in France in the summer of 1918 with the host of reinforcements coming from our home training camps. Or, put it that he had been the Allied Generalissimo, as he would have been if the war we were in had lasted into 1919.

Paris would have been saved. The Germans would never have crossed the Marne.

But once was enough—this time we did not have an army in France—and I hope American soldiers will never have to fight overseas again. No one can be more opposed to sending an American army to Europe than yours truly, though if we do, the only way is to fall in with your country's decision and fight again to win. "My country, right or wrong," but let's keep it so right in peace and so strong that it will be right—right in our own sound interest—if we do go to war.

In those days before the Germans' lightning stroke, which released an avalanche of military power, I noted how much easier the French army took its routine than in the World War days. I recall a young French officer saying in reference to what he had heard about the A.E.F.: "Your Pershing was an iron master in his discipline. He worked your soldiers mercilessly hard."

"Americans are just naturally hard workers," I replied, "when they have jobs—though there are some exceptions I have known who qualify for the 'hand-out' brigade on the basis that the world owes them a living. General Pershing made them work, too. Americans are individualists, but when discipline was in the game to win a war we showed we could take it."

That young officer had the usual slant of young officers about veterans of the last war. A World War ribbon on the breast was not so much a distinction for the wearer as a sign that he was a relic of a past age who had not the speed to keep step with modern war if he could adapt himself to it. This was a little puzzling since soldiers now ride in trucks, where mostly they used to march.

I had a good chatty "then and now" hour with a Scotch engineer officer. In the World War he had worked his way up to be a major. Lean and vigorous, he was not yet forty-six. But in this war he was a lieutenant under a young major who had not been washed behind the ears with any shell blast yet while this war was still being called 'phony and microphony.

Experience had made him really the boss of the job his battalion had been working on all winter in strengthening the British defense line. The wheel-horses he depended upon were some World War veterans who knew both

By FREDERICK PALMER

engineering and soldiering from 'wayback.

"The staffs, in their plans," he said, "are sure they will avoid all the mistakes made in the World War. They'll repeat none that Joffre or Pétain made for the French or Haig made for the British."

When the land war began in earnest it was soon found that the staffs had made most of the mistakes of generalship made in the World War and a lot of new ones which, taken together, amounted to one of the most colossal blunders in military history—as bad as that of sawing off the tree side of the limb you sit on.

To whom did the Allies, between the jaws of defeat, turn in desperate hope of yet saving them from the complete disaster which threatened? To some young generals? No. To Pétain and to Weygand, who had won victories in that antedated World War. But too late. A miracle was prayed for, and it could not be wrought. Too late when the advice of these elders who had proved their wisdom had not been taken before the war began.

And to whom did Britain turn when at last it was concluded it was time for Chamberlain to go? To some promising, brilliant young statesman who had not been tested in war's fiery crucible? No. To Winston Churchill, almost twenty years older than the average Legionnaire, a soldier in his youth, who knew war before he set his jaw to tasks in the World War. That veteran, doughty war horse,

still able to tire out young men while he worked sixteen hours a day, gave Britain heart to fight on in the midst of the deepest gloom she had known since Napoleon had his own way in Europe and looked across the English Channel to the conquest of the island kingdom.

What a difference in youth's glance toward the World War ribbon on a soldier's breast after the German army's crushing drives had swept across northern France, forced the Belgian army to surrender, cut the Allied armies in two, and driven the British back on Dunkirk.

I've seen nothing like it except the change in the French attitude toward the A.E.F. after Château-Thierry. Up to that time they had wondered when we were going to begin fighting in earnest. Suddenly they saw us as heroic saviors as we were started on that ceaseless hundred and fifty days' hammering which ended on Armistice Day.

There in the savage business of grim, stubborn resistance in covering the retreat on Dunkirk the World War ribbon, worn by veteran reservists, was a rallying point of color when men, stumbling with fatigue, the last ration eaten, counted their remaining rounds of ammunition. Youth then paid its tribute to the game-ness, endurance and cool veteran shrewdness of those "fighting old devils."

And I liked this little incident as the survivors of the land hell, cadaverous, dazed, got on board some kind of a ship safe through the (Continued on page 54)

...Set...

French soldiers in action early last spring. When the blitzkrieg got into high the young soldiers leaned heavily on their comrades with World War experience



FOR THE LAD "IN TROUBLE" HERE'S A PLAN THAT GIVES HIM

A CHANCE TO *Go Straight*

YOUNG John Smith is in serious trouble. He lives in a legal no-man's-land. He is 18, under the *civil* law is a minor, incapable of making his own decisions. He may not sign a simple contract, manage his own inheritance, or even vote for town dog-catcher, because the civil law says he does not know enough. It wisely protects him from his own folly.

But this same 18-year-old John Smith in the eyes of the *criminal* law is a man grown. He must have enough perception, ability and judgment to live by adult standards, must find his own way through the perplexities of the criminal code, must face adult criminal courts when he transgresses.

Thirteen percent of all Americans live in John's precarious age-group, between the years of 16 and 21. In this dangerous period of adolescence, of bodily chemical change and emotional instability, John and his 'teen-age fellows face graver hazards than at any other period of their lives. Newly freed from the restraints of school, they feel a sudden sag in family ties as well. Economic necessity begins to shake their roots out of the home. They taste the desperation of unemployment, the occasional brief security of a job. They long for adventure, they discover love, they rub elbows with a world too preoccupied to give them the attention they crave.

As a result, young John's 13 percent of our population gets into more trouble than any other age-group. It is responsible for 27 percent of America's robberies and thefts, 39 percent of all burglaries, 50 percent of all stolen automobiles. In metropolitan areas the figure is even higher. A recent four-year survey in New York State shows that this same 13 percent was responsible for 36 percent of rape convictions, 42 percent of robberies. In Chicago, Boston and Los Angeles, the proportion is as high.

Moralists, teachers, preachers and policemen for years have viewed-with-alarm, talked loud and written long

about the situation. They have blamed homes, schools, church, radio, newspapers and the movies. Armed with incomplete statistics, high moral indignation, pet aversions and many a wild-eyed theory, they have dabbled in a variety of experiments. They have tested more severe punishment and have tested coddling. In some juvenile prisons they have built ugly bread-and-water punishment cells, in others elegant swimming pools. They have invoked politics, prayer, prohibition and probation.

But the crime statistics in young John's age-group either stay the same or rise a little after each such well-meant effort.

It remained, perhaps naturally, for a body of lawyers to suggest a new approach to this national problem. Now, after three years of intensive study, they have evolved a model law to present for adoption to the 48 States.

The American Law Institute, parent of the reform, is composed of 750 eminent representatives of bench, bar and school. Founded by Elihu Root, its purpose is to make the law simpler, clearer, more workable, "better to adapt it to social needs, secure better administration of justice." Its Youth-Crime Committee, setting out to discover what ails John Smith and his mates, has been headed by William Draper Lewis, dean emeritus of the law school of the University of Pennsylvania. Associated with him have been such experts as Supreme Court Judge Joseph N. Ulman of Baltimore, John Barker Waite of the University of Michigan, Dr. Sheldon Glueck of Harvard, Penologist Austin H. MacCormick of New York, and others.

These committeemen began their task

By

KARL DETZER

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

Cartoons by
JOHN CASSEL

by agreeing that the law has a two-fold duty: first and more important, to protect society from erring John Smith; second, to reform him if possible. So before they drafted a law designed to lift him out of his legal no-man's-land, they examined hundreds of thousands of his fellows, and then, perhaps to their own surprise, blamed none of the agencies usually condemned for his delinquency. The press had accused the movies, the pulpit the schools, educators the home. But the Youth-Crime Committee turned the spotlight of its investigation upon itself and its own house. Outworn legal methods, it decided, are chiefly responsible for young John Smith's trouble.

Out of the mass of John Smiths they evolved a composite picture of the typical first offender. He's just John's age . . . 18 . . . a couple of years out of school. He has a part-time job, big-time ideas. On the night he stole his first automobile, (actually the most common first offense) he had a partner, a fellow he met in his neighborhood.

This partner, slightly older than John, *was a graduate of a reform school.*

This fact did not surprise the lawyers. It simply proved what they already believed, that the reform school in its present status does not reform; that instead, by segregating youthful wrongdoers, it usually acts as a clearing house for crime. So what should the law do first? Reform the reform school?

What these lawyers did first was to follow the typical John to trial. He has stolen a car; he is not a hardened criminal, but because he is over 16, he must face an adult criminal court.

True, if he lived in Chicago, he would have the benefit of a special boys' court, created by the city to handle his case. In Brooklyn or Boston, or one or two other cities, a court above the average would hear his case. But in most places he would simply line up with calloused adults, go through the mill beside them and as one of them.

Perhaps a kindly but over-worked juvenile officer is able to search out a few extenuating facts for John's wretched conduct. But the day John's hearing is called, a busy judge with an overloaded docket must dispose of ten other criminal cases. All he can hope to do is glance at the juvenile officer's report, hear John's plea of guilty, perhaps give John a kindly word of fatherly advice, and sentence him to reform school for a term of from two to fourteen years.

The lawyers, educators and penologists on the Institute

Youngsters of the 16-21 age group need the help of all of us in making their adjustments

Committee put their fingers on that sentence and shouted: "Here's the first big mistake in present methods!"

They knew that the judge was an ordinary man like themselves. They knew that he possessed no God-given power to determine, after ten minutes, or even after a couple of hours, just how long a term would rehabilitate John; whether or not he could be rehabilitated at all; whether, having once slipped, he would ever again be a menace to society; whether after two years, or fourteen, or forty, it would be safe to release him.

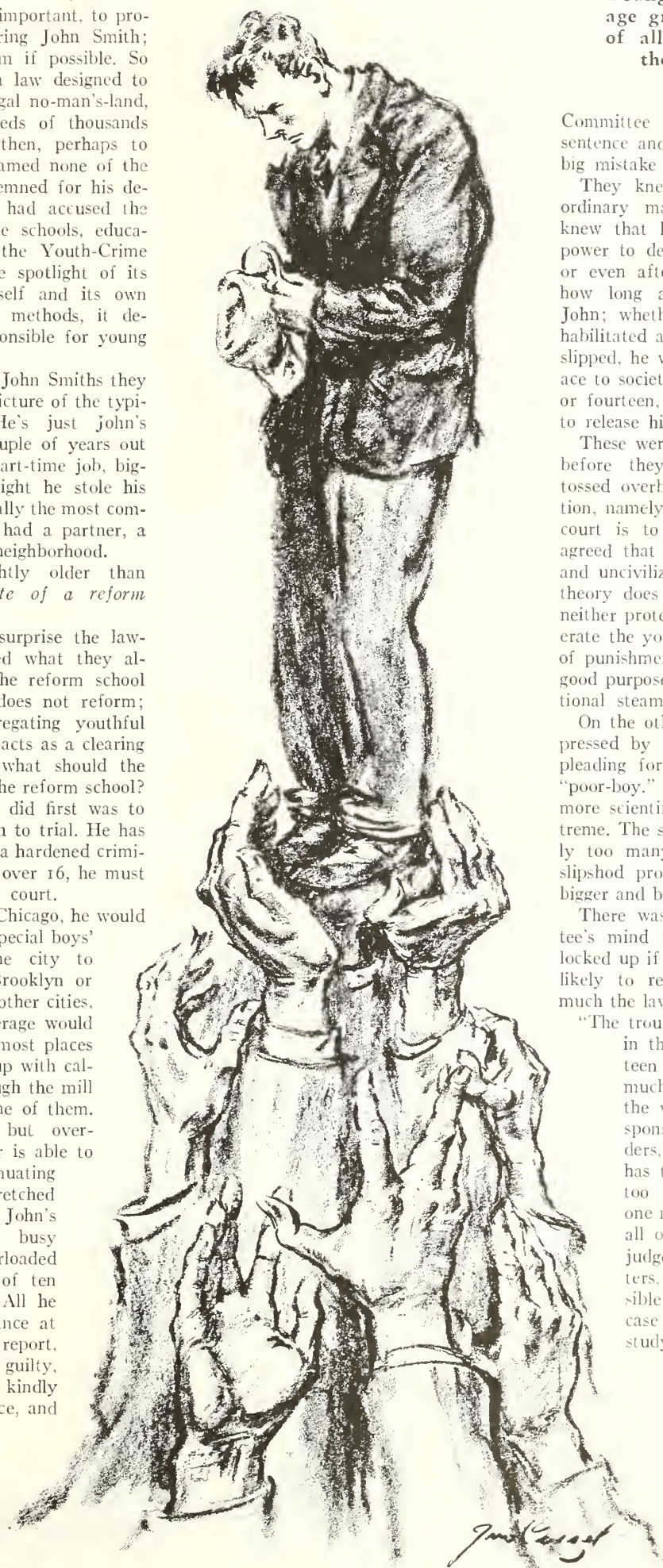
These were hard-headed lawyers. But before they went any farther they tossed overboard a popular misconception, namely, that the first duty of the court is to *punish* wrongdoers. They agreed that the Mosaic law is archaic and uncivilized, that the eye-for-an-eye theory does not solve social problems, neither protects society nor helps regenerate the young offender. Mere severity of punishment, they realized, serves no good purpose other than to let off emotional steam.

On the other hand, they were unimpressed by the cry of the sob-sisters, pleading for "another chance" for the "poor-boy." They knew that it had no more scientific basis than the other extreme. The statistics proved that entirely too many "poor-boys" released on slipshod probation merely went on to bigger and better crimes.

There was no doubt in the committee's mind that young John must be locked up if he actually were guilty and likely to repeat his lawlessness. This much the law definitely owed to society.

"The trouble," the lawyers said, "lies in the sentence of two to fourteen years. Isn't it asking too much of even the best judge in the world to take so much responsibility on one pair of shoulders, after the very brief time he has to study a case? There are too many factors involved for one mere man to be an expert in all of them. Why not limit the judge's power to judicial matters, make someone else responsible for those aspects of each case which require long, hard study and special training in fields other than the law?"

So the Institute Committee evolved its model statute: Give the 16-21 age-group in the larger cities a special court, in smaller places a special procedure. Let the trial judge retain his principal function. He will



conduct the hearing. He will make sure that both the defendant and the State receive justice and consideration. He still will determine what evidence may and may not be introduced. When all the testimony has been presented, he, either alone or with a jury's aid, will determine the *guilt or innocence* of the accused. His will be the Herculean task of arriving at the truth, enough, certainly, to expect of one mortal.

But there his judicial power will end. The court will free the innocent and confine the guilty, thereby protecting the guiltless individual from unjust punishment, and at the same time protecting society from the criminal. But he will sentence young John Smith to neither ten days nor ten years.

If the finding is guilty, John simply will go to the lock-up. There he and the history of his wrongdoing will be studied at once, not months or years later, when he has completed any arbitrary minimum sentence and applies for parole. The Youth-Crime Committee suggested that this study should be made by a state board of experts, appointed probably by the Governor, on recommendation of recognized learned societies or associations. On this board

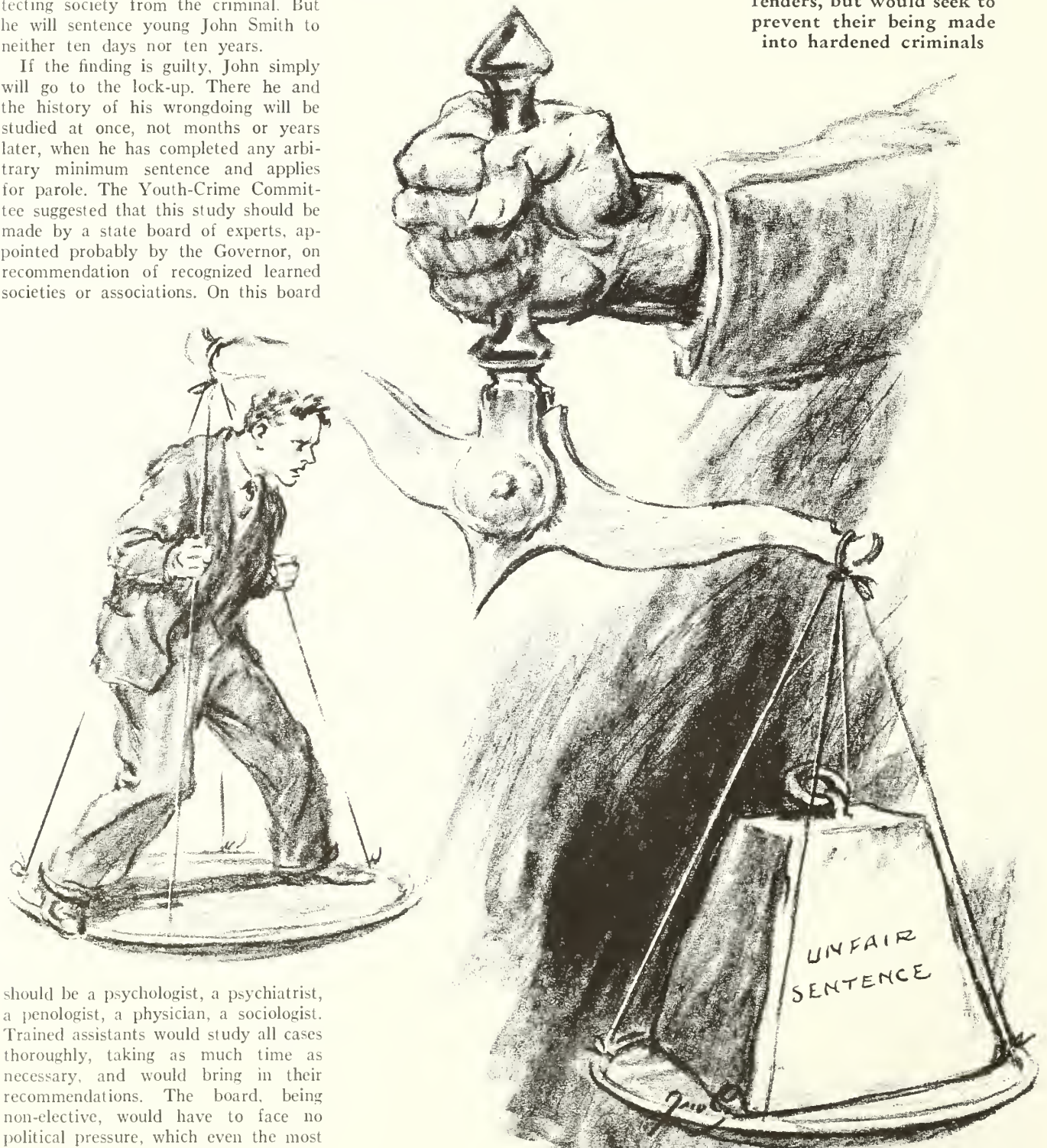
Nor would the board be swayed by sentimentality. It would have at its disposal all the implements and inventions of science to test the emotions, the moral stability, the truthfulness of young John. It would have a detailed report on his past and his recent surroundings, and a scientific diagnosis of his hope for the future, based neither on tough police skepticism, nor on the lush optimism of the professional apologist for "poor-boys."

With this data before it, the board would decide whether it was *safe to the public* to turn John loose, or whether

to keep him under lock and key. If it decided that he must be locked up, its members still would continue the study of his case, week by week and month by month, until they were convinced that there had been a real reformation. Only then would they release him.

If their tests indicated that John was "just naturally bad," that there was no hope, that no amount of corrective effort would reform him, and if his prison record (*Continued on page 60*)

The Law Institute would not coddle youthful offenders, but would seek to prevent their being made into hardened criminals



should be a psychologist, a psychiatrist, a penologist, a physician, a sociologist. Trained assistants would study all cases thoroughly, taking as much time as necessary, and would bring in their recommendations. The board, being non-elective, would have to face no political pressure, which even the most fearless judges must fight constantly.



"Has junior been fooling with the chicken again?"

DAD criticized the sermon. Mother said the organist was off key. To sister's nice ear the choir singing was sour. But their faces were really red when little Bill remarked: "I think it was a darn good show for a nickel."

VISITOR (at asylum): "Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?"



"Maybe he's going to bunt"

Attendant: "Sure. The people here ain't as crazy as you think."

GINSBERG had been complaining of insomnia. "Even counting sheep is no good," he sighed to his partner in the clothing business.

"It's only good if you count up to 10,000," said his partner. "Try that tonight." But the next morning Ginsberg was still complaining. "I didn't sleep a wink," he said. "I counted the whole 10,000 sheep, I sheared 'em;

combed the wool; had it spun into cloth; made into suits; took 'em to Boston and lost \$21 on the deal. I didn't sleep a wink!"

A DOCTOR answered his telephone. "Hello, Doc," said a voice at the other end of the wire. "That advice you gave me just don't work. You told me to drink hot water thirty minutes before breakfast. I have only been drinking it fifteen minutes and I'm so full I can't drink another drop."

THE new reporter had been sent to interview a famous pugilist. About an hour later he staggered into the editor's office.

"Well," barked the editor, "did you get anything?"

"Did I!" said the reporter, pointing to two black eyes. "I got these."

"We can't print those," bellowed the chief. "What did he say to you?"

"You can't print that either."

UNCLE: "Why, Willie, I'm glad to see you. Have a soda. Waiter! Two large sodas, please."

Willie: "I'll have the same."

PROFESSOR: "What is your idea of civilization?"

Student: "It's a good idea. Somebody ought to start it."

IM so sorry," said the hatless woman mixed up in an accident. "It was all my fault."

BURSTS AND DUDS

"Not at all, madam," replied the driver of the truck with a gallant gesture. "I was to blame myself."

"But I insist the fault was mine. I was on your side of the street."

"That may be true," he said, "but my dear madam, I am responsible for the collision. I saw you coming blocks away and had ample opportunity to start down a side street."

WHAT is 'college bred'?"

"A four-year loaf made with father's dough."

JONES was sitting with his wife behind a palm on a hotel veranda late one night when a young man and a girl came and sat down on a bench near them. The young man began to tell the girl how pretty and lovable he thought she was. Hidden behind the palm, Mrs. Jones whispered to her husband:

"Oh, John, he's going to propose. Whistle to warn him."

"What for?" said Jones. "Nobody whistled to warn me."

A POLITICAL orator had been talking for an hour. He was saying:

"I want Land Reform, House Reform, Education Reform! I want—"

"Chloroform," said a bored voice.



"Wake up, Jake, and change your pajamas! I don't like the look of things!"

America has done more than its share in the last several generations to make this a better world to live in ★

A CONFESSION



EDITORIAL

The average Legionnaire speaks:

I BELIEVE in the United States of America, in its destiny as the champion of democracy in the Western Hemisphere, and as an example to the world of the fact that that democracy is a design for living superior to any other known to man. I as an American represent more than three hundred years of sacrifice on the part of men and women of every type of racial origin and every nationality under the sun.

With contempt I reject the too-oft-quoted statement that many of those who came here from across the seas made the journey simply because they believed that the streets were lined with gold, and that after a few years of more-pay-for-less-work they might return to the land of their fathers to end their days. If there were such, they had need of not more than a few months under the Stars and Stripes to convince them that this was the land for which tired, frustrated mankind had been

OF FAITH

yearning through countless generations: A land tremendous in its potentialities for the good life, a land great in heart and spirit, translating into accomplishment the high hopes of men of good will in all ages.

What we Americans have come to know as the democratic process has been in the making over all those three hundred years. The Virginia Cavaliers battling against royal prerogative which found its full flowering in that royal governor named Berkeley who hated free schools and the printing press; the Puritans of Plymouth turning early from the communism which they at first espoused; the Carolinians at Mecklenburg aflame for independence before the United Colonies declared the necessity of that step; Washington at Valley Forge; the fearless band that died at the Alamo; those who made the supreme sacrifice at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne—in peace and in war these Americans by their resolute action made it possible for us to enjoy those priceless rights to be free to speak, write and worship as we please, to be accountable only to God and those whom we the people choose to sit in the seats of the mighty, with powers freely bestowed by us for the better government of the whole body of citizens.

These are dread days. A power sits astride a major portion of the world which is determined to snuff out democracy wherever found, and substitute for it an authority which derives not from a free and enlightened citizenry, but which has been assumed by a small, self-perpetuating group dedicated to a narrow nationalistic racism that provokes hatred and strife.

We are preparing against the day when that power may challenge us to meet it in the breach or surrender our way of life in favor

of its barbarous autocracy, under which the governed become the pawns of their governors, with no rights and only the privileges of a slave. Let us say with the utmost calmness that we shall never accept such a yoke, that it were better a thousand times our land became a trackless desert and all of us be wiped from the face of the earth than accept such a fate.

We are preparing for a possible day of decision. We are of good cheer, knowing that in material resources we can overmatch any possible combination of adversaries, and confident that free men equipped with the proper weapons and defending the things which inspire their highest devotion will always win the day against a tyrant's troops. We don't expect to fight, and the chances of our having to do so will steadily diminish in the days ahead of us if we will but quit ourselves like men.

Thus we shall bring hope to millions sitting in the darkness imposed by the most wantonly destructive power this planet has ever known. Its victims, in both the conquering and the conquered nations, are waiting for our light to come to them. By resolute, forthright action we give them new hope as we renew a right spirit in those who, yet unconquered, see us as the last hope of civilization.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner and outface the
brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior
eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the
great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.*

* Shakespeare's *King John*, Act V, Scene 1, lines 48-53





GIVE US THE *Lightweights*

By **GRANT
POWERS**

Lew Jenkins drops Lou Ambers in the second round of the bout that brought him the lightweight crown

ONE night in the old Pioneer Sporting Club in New York, two heavyweights were pushing each other about the ring in locked embrace. The sweating, struggling referee was doing his best to break them, when from the over-hanging gallery an indignant, leather-lunged fan bellowed: "Shoot that pair . . . and give us the lightweights."

It won't be long before the heavyweight class will again be at a standstill with Joe Louis heading the pack and no contenders in sight . . . just as it was after Gene Tunney polished off Tom Heeney, the New Zealander, and hung up his gloves for good. Boxing is again facing a sweet slump. Some experts like to say, "As the heavyweights go, so goes boxing." Promoters and died-in-the-wool boxing fans know different. What the boxing game needs is the lightweights, the boys who give you action with a healthy

punch to boot. We can take the welters and the middleweights as side dishes, but the 135-pounders have been the life blood of boxing from away back yonder.

As this is written, a real lightweight holds the title. His name is Lew Jenkins. He weighed in at 132 pounds, one pound less than the old lightweight limit of 133 at ringside. He is a skinny chap out of Texas. He became champ when he technically knocked out Lou Ambers.

The gallant little Italian-American from Herkimer, New York, was saved from perhaps serious injury by the referee in the third round before 14,000 people in Madison Square Garden, last May. We mention all the facts, for boxing fans will turn out to see good lightweights. Jenkins carried dynamite in either hand. Ambers had



Cream of the lightweight crop of all time: Benny Leonard (left) with rugged Lew Tendler

been a seasoned campaigner—the fans admired his courage and skill. He'd won and lost and had re-won the title mainly through his perseverance and heart, overcoming such obstacles as severe illness, a broken jaw and the many political obstacles that can so easily derail a fighter headed for a championship. Real boxing fans weigh those items. They know that lightweights will give them plenty of punching. Your heavyweight championship battles attract people who regard a face-scrambling affair as merely a spectacle, just to say "I was there" or are taken by friends who have healthy pocketbooks.

A year ago tall, raw-boned Jenkins was poverty-stricken when he hit Broadway. He had begun boxing while serving with the Eighth Cavalry in Texas. After he obtained his discharge he and his wife bought an ancient jalopy and toured the Southwest, halting whenever the hard-hitting Lew could pick chow money in the small fight clubs. When he stopped Ambers it was his eighth straight knockout. He had yet to box ten rounds with an opponent, let alone fifteen, the championship distance.

Jenkins brought new life to the lightweight division, which at one time was the most lucrative in boxing. Making the weight was and still is the toughest part of being a lightweight. The old limit of 133 pounds suited some of the greatest fighters that ever lived: Jack



McAuliffe, Joe Gans, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast and Kid Lavigne . . . all champions.

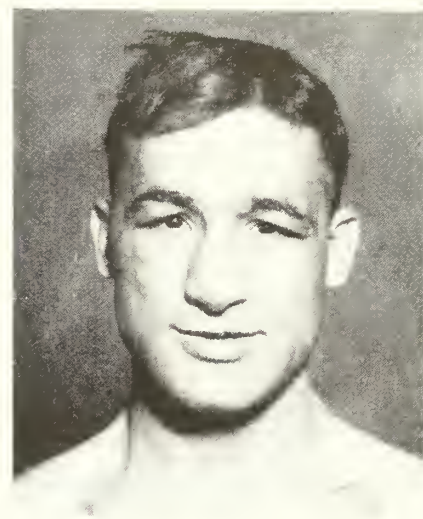
It was the coming of the over-size boys, who didn't want to move into the welterweight class, that caused the upping of the weight to 135 pounds—registered at 2 o'clock the afternoon of a fight. This permits a fighter to pick up from one to five pounds before the opening gong. One of the pet beefs of the fans and the sports writers was the way they used to manipulate the weights to suit the convenience of certain boxers. Freddie Welsh and Willie Ritchie were among the first over-sizes. Benny Leonard, one of the greatest boxers this country ever produced, was another.

Making the weight is not only part of the science of the manly art, but much of its color. The matter of a pound or two in a big battle used to command columns. Rival managers, knowing how

hard it was for certain battlers to shave off a few pounds, would demand a few thousand as a forfeit and often collected if the scales showed an ounce or two over.

When Joe Gans was required to make 133 pounds ringside for Battling Nelson at Goldfield, Nevada, for Tex Rickard's first big promotion, Nelson's manager pulled a new one. The morning of the fight he demanded Gans weigh in with his fighting trunks and shoes. He thought of requiring the gloves, too, but skipped that. He threatened to take Nelson out of Goldfield unless Gans agreed. Gans steamed off two and a half pounds before weighing-in time. Gans won on a

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, one of the great lightweights. At left, Jimmy Goodrich, champion for a few months in 1925



Ad Wolgast, at right, subjects the great Battling Nelson to terrific punishment just before the referee stopped the fight in the 40th round and awarded him the crown



foul, but the reducing and the great strain of the bitterly contested forty-two rounds reduced his vitality so much that he developed tuberculosis.

Ambers said after he was defeated by Jenkins that making the weight weakened him. Well, if it was so he wasn't the first lightweight to be belted out because of the strain of making the weight. The same thing happened to Sammy Mandell, who had been loafing in the hundred forties and had almost to remove a leg to make the weight for Al Singer, who laid him out before the judges could adjust their spectacles.

All fighters look larger than they really are in the elevated rings of today. The strong lights and colored trunks seem to add poundage even to the flyweights. Usually the lightweight class is crowded with contenders, but as Johnny Attell, the smart matchmaker of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club says, "A class is as good as its leader. When Leonard was sitting on the lightweight throne, the country was full of challengers. They had something to shoot at. A match with Benny in New York, Chicago, Michigan City or Philadelphia meant a good purse."

Unlike the (Continued on page 39)

-WORKING ON THE



Railroad

RAILROAD folks herd together; hence there are literally dozens of Legion Posts whose membership is made up of officers and employees of the major and minor railroad companies. Pennsylvania, for instance, has three Pennsylvania Railroad Posts, two of them—both bearing the name of the railroad system—are located in the city of Philadelphia, and one is located in Pittsburgh. It is a situation that causes Department Adjutant Eddie Linsky to insist that these Posts be referred to by number and not by name alone. Baltimore and Ohio Post of Baltimore has long been one of the leaders in the Old Line State, and other groups are banded together, representing nearly every railroad system from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It must not be understood, however, that all railroad Posts bear the name of the companies from whose employees the membership is drawn; there is Chicago's Cornelius Vanderbilt Post made up of New York Central employees, and many others that could be named.

Legionnaire railroaders are not, as a rule, merely card carriers. The railroad Posts are active in all aspects of the Legion's national program as well as in carrying on local programs of community service and practical welfare work. The nature of their employment, particularly those who ride the rails in one capacity or another, would seem to preclude regular attendance at Post meetings, but most of the railmen continue actively in Legion harness. At ter-



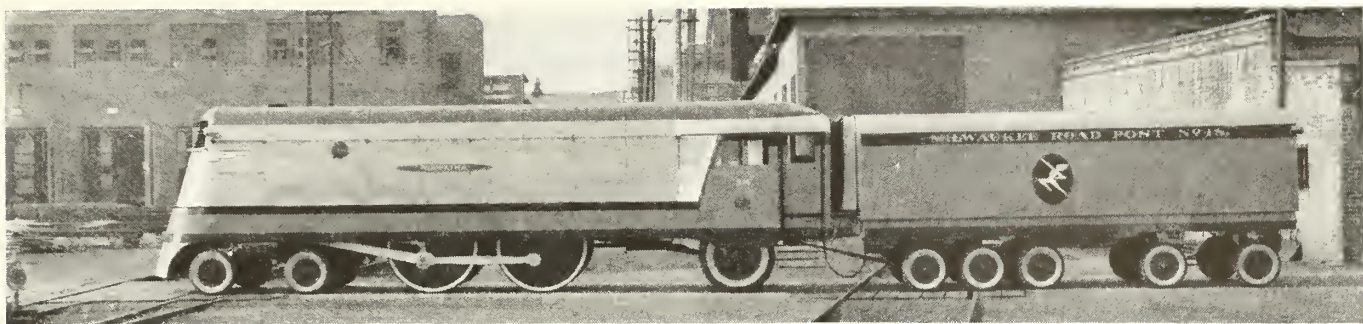
The new home of Big Four Railway Post at Indianapolis, Indiana, was once the traveling office of the railway officials



minals and in the larger centers where shops and offices are located there are always plenty of members with fixed place of residence and employment to fill the Post hall on meeting nights.

Speaking of meeting nights brings the thought that if a Post continues active and makes a place for itself in community affairs it must have a fixed place to call its home. Out in Indianapolis, in the good old Hoosier State, Big Four Railway Post has solved that problem by converting a bit of rolling stock—once the palatial traveling office of Big Four Railway officials—into a neat, comfortable and, one could say, commodious home, with plenty of room to care for the official and social meetings of its one hundred and twenty members. Membership in this Post is restricted to employees of the road whose name it bears.

Comrade P. M. Pursian, Chairman of the Post's Executive Board, writes that the car was donated to the Post by



Milwaukee Road Post, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, introduced a replica of the streamlined *Hiawatha* at the Boston National meet

F. E. Williamson, President of the New York Central lines, and placed on lots which had been previously purchased. Painted blue with gold trimming—the Legion's colors—the new car-home presents a pleasing external appearance. The interior was remodeled to conform to the needs of the new tenants; a reception room which was formerly the observation platform, a lengthy hall for meetings and entertainment, and a fully equipped kitchen make up the division into rooms. All city utility conveniences have been installed. Members of the Post feel at home in a distinctly railroad atmosphere when they go to their club for work or play.

No, Clementine, the Forty and Eight has not gone streamlined. The organization keeps itself stripped for action as a high-powered Legion auxiliary and to do the work it sets for itself each year, but there is no present intention of tossing the time-honored old French boxcars into the discard. Times have changed and even the French boxcars of today (or just before the debacle which engulfed the France we knew) are not the same as they were some twenty-odd years ago. Be that as it may, the old war-time boxcar is inseparably associated with the Forty and Eight; it is a part of the Legion itself and of the personal experience of some hundreds of thousands of its members. What AEfer does not recall every time he sees one of these contraptions rolling down the street—not with any nostalgic longing to recapture the physical experience—the days and nights spent in discomfort while traveling over the French countryside in such a piece of rolling stock? And it also comes to his memory that

the R. T. O. at each place of loading, with a fine disregard for the statement of capacity plainly painted on the sides with an obvious view to economy in the number of cars used, packed eighty men and forty horses into each car. Stranger, that's why the Forty and Eight—they just cut the normal lading by taking a "y" from the eighty. No, no, and nay, nay; us'ns of the Forty and Eight (the Step Keeper rates; Kanawha Voiture No. 1087; 1941 card 10,184) will hold on to the palace cars we knew when fighting the battles for democracy on the fields of France, however antiquated they may look.

All this leads up to that streamlined locomotive and coach—a replica of the Milwaukee Railroad's crack *Hiawatha* train—which added color and interest to the boxcar demonstration at the Boston National Convention. The latest thing in streamlined railroad equipment, the replica attracted a lot of attention and, in the nature of things, gave rise to the suspicion that the Forty and Eight had sorta gone Hollywood. Truth is, the replica of the *Hiawatha* is a Legion locomotive and coach, built for Milwaukee Road Post of Milwaukee, Wis-

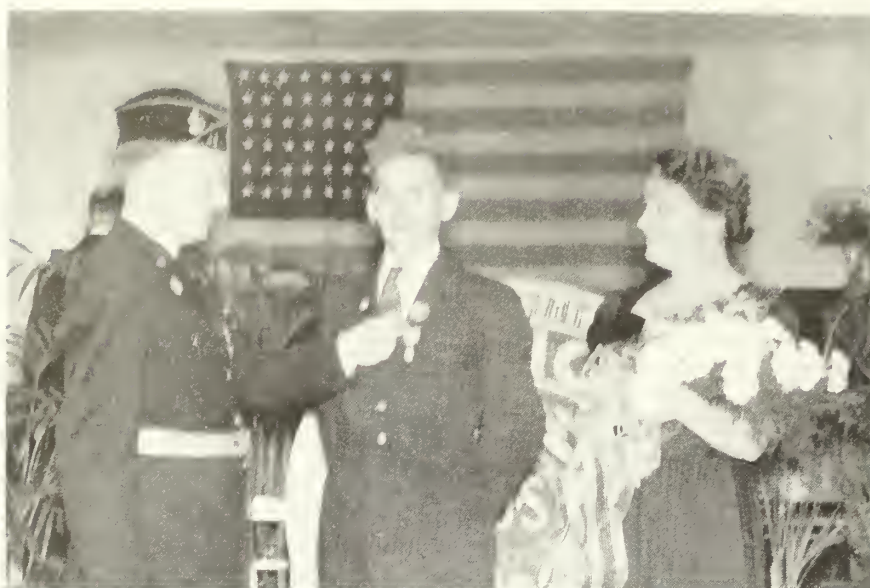
consin, as an exact replica of the crack train, from plans drawn by its members, who are all employees of the Chicago,



Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. Come next September 15th when the conventionnaires gather in the hospitable city on the shores of Lake Michi-



Chicago's North Western Post is service-minded; it gave two iron lungs for the use of all who live along the road's 10,000 miles of right of way



The commanding LaMarche family of North Attleboro, Massachusetts—Post Commander Harold LaMarche, Sr., Squadron Captain Harold LaMarche, Jr., and Unit President Lillian B. LaMarche

it dedicated two iron lungs to the service of the employes of the Chicago and North Western Railway. Further than that, the appliances were placed in the custody of the railroad official for the use of any person in need of such treatment at any place along the ten thousand miles of the road's right of way. That is a broad service and one that is far reaching; the two iron lungs will, no doubt, be instrumental in saving many lives in sections not now provided with such equipment.

The presentation was made at a ceremony held at the C. & N. W. Station in Chicago, and at the same time a demonstration was given, with a son and daughter of Legionnaire Barkolar acting as volunteer patients.

The High Command

THURSDAY evening, October 17, was a big evening in the life of the Harold LaMarche family, of North Attleboro, Massachusetts. On that eve-

gan for the 23d National Convention, they will have opportunity to see this model streamliner do its stuff on the streets of its home city.

"The replica of the *Hiawatha* was built in the Milwaukee Railroad shops by regular craftsmen," writes Comrade Earl L. Solverson, Chairman of the Post's Replica Committee. "It is forty-four feet, three inches long; five feet, two inches wide; seven feet, three inches high, and is mounted on a new one and a half ton Dodge chassis which has a seven-foot splice added to the center. The first four front wheels are connected with the steering wheel, which makes it easy to operate; the driving wheels and motion work are of wood and are lowered when required for parade purposes.

The tender is built of steel, welded, insulated and lined with plywood, and is roomy enough to accommodate four sleeping car mattresses. A passenger car type buffer between the locomotive and the tender keeps both units in position and eliminates any unnecessary pressure on either unit."

Streamlined rolling stock in the last big parade may or may not indicate a trend, but if any Post is interested in the *modus operandi* of creating today's train today, Legionnaire Earl L. Solverson, who can be reached at 207 East Deer Place, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will be glad to tell how the job is done.

A practical type of humanitarian service was that accomplished by North Western Post of Chicago, Illinois, when



The "piano girls" of John H. Holliday, Jr., Post, Indianapolis, Indiana—left to right, Lillian Perry, 1935; Eunice Brown, 1936; Mary Williams, 1937; Marilyn Castle, 1938, and, in front, Joan Carey, 1939



ning North Attleboro Post, The American Legion, its Auxiliary Unit and Sons of the Legion Squadron met at the Legion hall. When the LaMarche family arrived each member was accorded special honor—Harold LaMarche, Sr., was installed as Commander of North Attleboro Post; Mrs. Lillian LaMarche, his wife, was installed as President of the Auxiliary Unit, and Harold LaMarche, Jr., their son, was installed as Captain of the North Attleboro Squadron, Sons of the Legion. The unusual ceremony was witnessed by groups of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries from several neighboring Posts and Units.

The high command of the North Attleboro Legion forces, it would seem, is for this year lodged in the LaMarche family; a conference can be called to be held each morning at the breakfast table without loss of time from business, household duties or school.



That Piano Story

NEARLY every story that appears in this indispensable family magazine has a story behind it. For this once the Step Keeper will let the regular readers of the department in on the story behind the story Frank Mathews tells in this number, "Try This on Your Piano," beginning on page 14. If you have not read what Frank has to say, turn to it at once—then you'll appreciate this brief sketch of a beautiful blunder that developed a real community service program.

Now Frank Mathews is a competent wordsmith who can tell a story, and tell it well, but in this case it was not necessary for him to heavily tax his fertile inventive genius. He took raw facts as the story was told to him and, with but little dressing, drew the humor of a somewhat serious situation to the top and served it up in fictional form. Without this word of explanation, his story would pass as pure fiction with all except those who know the real low-down and who passed through those days that tried the souls of a few Indianapolis Legionnaires and an innocently involved Auxiliary Unit.

The Post around which the story revolves is John H. Holliday, Jr., Post of Indianapolis, Indiana. It is in no sense a National Headquarters Post but it so happened that in the year of the great piano episode Oak Marquette, Director of the Emblem Division at National Headquarters, was Commander; Glenn Crawford, Comptroller at National Headquarters, was Finance Officer, and the Publicity Officer whose twelve-cylindered brain ground out ideas, ideas and ideas was Jack Cejnar, Assistant National Publicity Officer—three tall cedars of Lebanon in the national Legion forest whose long service has given to each

one a personal acquaintance and friendship with Legionnaires in every Department and outlying Post. These three are among the central figures in the story. Don Wiles was Post Adjutant.

While it may not be entirely in accord with the rule of ethics in such matters, we'll complete the cast by disclosing the name of the President of Holliday Post's Auxiliary who was overwhelmed with calls before she knew what it was all about—it was Mrs. Edith Whipple.

When queried about the facts in the

Miss Lois Sharp registered Frank R. Sauliere for the draft at Miami, Florida; the registrant had 19 months' overseas service in 1917 and 1918. Below, Carl M. Palmer, of Cincinnati, 1917 and 1940, youngest of the old soldiers who registered



case, Jack Cejnar, still a member of Holliday Post and still Assistant National Publicity Officer, writes: "It is a true story of what happened in our Post. Out of that old busted piano has developed a brand new kind of community service. Since 1935, when all this happened, our Post has given Christmas pianos each year and our membership is heart and soul in the activity. Others have joined us, notably the Jordan Conservatory of Music. We furnish the instrument; the Conservatory helps us to find a talented girl who needs it, and also throws in a free scholarship in piano instruction. Furthermore, some of the teachers at the Conservatory have become so sold on the project that they give the selected girl free voice lessons. All of our 'piano girls' have made good and each year they come to our Post to give a concert."

Now, Posts that are looking for something to do can profit by the blunderously experimental practice of the high-powered executives of Holliday Post six years ago and "Try This on Their Piano."

Vets Who Registered

FROM a careful survey of the field it would seem that the Step Keeper's estimate of a dozen World War veterans who registered for the selective service draft on October 16th was a liberal one—the actual figure, if ever compiled, will probably fall a bit short. Of those who registered, so far as the returns reveal up to the first of December, the youngest is Carl M. Palmer, now residing at Silverton, Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is district manager for the Chevrolet Motor Company. Registrant Palmer was born April 5, 1905; enlisted in Company D, 126th Infantry, Michigan National Guard, on (Continued on page 58)





WHOA, THERE! *Sick Call!*

STRANGE, isn't it, how every so often a guy comes a cropper with the simplest kind of a problem. Even pleading the fact that this department had been strictly a foot-soldier during our earlier World War and had been fortunate enough to dodge any hospital visits in the A. E. F., it shouldn't have muffed this one. It came about this way: A couple of time-worn snapshot prints showing a group of long, low frame buildings were submitted for Then and Now consideration with a brief note in which the contributor identified himself as "Ex-Top Sergt., Vet. Hospt. #9 & #11, A. E. F."

We knew there had been base hospitals and field and evacuation hospitals in our Army's A. E. F. set-up, but didn't recall any that had been designated as a "Veterans" hospital—which on the face of it wouldn't have made sense anyway, as we weren't veterans then, but active soldiers. So we wrote for more information—asking about the patients who had been hospitalized, and so on. When we opened the reply and a couple of pictures of horses fell out, it dawned on us that that "Vet. Hospt." had meant a Veterinary Hospital, where our equine comrades who had also served were given the care they had so well earned.

The ex-Top Kick who sent the pictures shown on this page, Thomas H. Chinn of 25 Plymouth Street, Methuen, Massachusetts, Publicity Officer of Methuen Post, told this story after we acknowledged his first note and asked



for more about his particular service: "The article, 'War Horses Is Right,' in the magazine for last February, is what caused me to dig up the pictures I sent to you—because I served in the Veterinary Corps during the war. They were snapped in Gièvres, France, and show Veterinary Hospital #11.

"There were ten wards in which the sick and wounded horses and mules were treated for their ailments—several hundred of them at a time. Two of these hospital units were quartered in Gièvres—Veterinary Hospital #11 and Veterinary Hospital #9, that is, Corps Mobile Veterinary Hospital #9 of which I was Top Kick. We had been stationed in Longuyon in the Advance Section for a few months before the outfit was transferred to Gièvres in the Intermediate Section of the Services of Supply.

"We had plenty of excitement and action in our work. A great many of the animals sent to our hospitals suffered

The saddle horse of Top Kick Thomas H. Chinn, Veterinary Hospital #9, posed with Tom Morris. At lower left, a group of buildings of the veterinary hospital at Gièvres, France





with skin diseases and had to be put through a delouser. An outfit of mule-skinner there, most of them from western States, certainly knew their stuff. One man in my outfit was Jack Ray, a champion rope thrower. He was so good that he was given leave to exhibit his skill in the various camps in France.

"There was also a race track in Gièvres and men stationed there or who passed through may remember the races that were run, in which I rode. I am enclosing a picture of my saddle horse which is being held by Tom Morris of Texas. This should bring back memories of their old Top Kick to those readers who served with me. I'd like to hear from them.

"Major John A. Summerville was Commander of the Veterinary Corps and what a swell fellow he was. In fact, all of our officers were fine guys."

AS WE suggested not so long ago in these columns in connection with the story about *Ohio Rainbow Reveille*, Americans insist upon keeping up with current news under any and all circumstances and so there sprung up during the war in home camps and overseas many outfit papers, and even ships of the fleet and transports managed to produce publications. We show the first page of one such deep-sea publication which bears the autographs of a number of distinguished American journalists and a government official. It came to us from Mrs. Edna Bishop Myers, member of Jane Delano Post of the Legion, whose home is at 2624 South Austin Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Legionnaire Myers, who served with Base Hospitals No. 45 and No. 87A in the A. E. F., told us this in her letter of transmittal:

"The enclosed wartime publication may be of interest to others besides those of us who made the trip to the A. E. F. on the transport *Adriatic*, a former White Star Liner, which sailed on August 23, 1918, from Hoboken, New Jersey. Its conception was due probably to the presence of so many newspaper men on board. You will find the signatures of Mark Sullivan, Edward W. Bok, and others of note. Dimly, in the center, is that of John W. Davis, Ambassador to Great Britain, and later candidate for President.

"After an exhausting time in New York, our thirteen days' voyage on the *Atlantic* proved to be a pleasant

James M. Thomson new ideas & line note
Mark Sullivan
Frederickburg, Va.
Carl & woman
Pygelloqs.
THE ATLANTIC ONCELY.
from the

PRICE: Anything you want to Give but "Give until it Hurts.

Robert F. Wright
 Somewhere on the Atlantic, September, 1918.

KAISER'S GOAT DISAPPEARS SOLDIERS AND NURSES GET IT, SHOUTING

"OH YOU KID."

Special by wireless to the Atlantic Once.

Berlin (date deleted by censor)

The news is no longer concealed that the Kaiser's Goat has disappeared, and the question asked everywhere in Berlin is "Who got the Kaiser's Goat?" A general election hints that the Goat left behind of his own accord upon learning that a battalion of the *Geleitet Marine* under Capt. O'Bannon was on its way to Germany fully equipped with the most improved goat-getting apparatus. The excitement in Berlin was increased when it became generally known that Captain O'Bannon's contingent was supported by a Virginia unit of one hundred nurses, an official Agricultural Commission, a delegation of publishers and poets, the Commission on the Exchange of Prisoners of War, and Private Bill Rogers.

The situation became quite when it leaked out that the American contingent had adopted "Oh you Kid" as its rallying cry. In order to relieve the tension throughout Germany, the Kaiser announced that one of his sons would go to the front to resist the goat-getting expedition. A general election is being held to determine which of the

Kaiser's sons shall be chosen for this honor and incomplete returns indicate that the Crown Prince will be the winner by an overwhelming majority. Everybody except the members of the Imperial family wants him to go.

A TOWNE TOPI

No matter what our perils be, he knows we'll rise and dip, I know that we shall always flee from every U-boats' grip. And the thought ever comforted me on a delightful trip - Miss. Fortune and Miss. Memory are both upon this ship! C.H.T.

"TOWNE AND GOWN"

There was a young poet named Towne Who was wreathed with the bays of renown;

On a trip for McClure's He met with such lures

That he gave up the pen for the gown*

*Superciliary slang for "skirt." D.C.

Edward W. Bok

J.J. Duncan Clark
Chicago Evening Post.

This one of the numerous shipboard publications of wartime bears autographs of distinguished men. How many do you know?

vacation, interrupted only for boat drill and a session—"confession," the menfolks called it—with our chief nurse every morning. We were addressed by several of the notable passengers whose signatures appear on the *Atlantic Oncely*. I remember thinking Edward Bok seemed so gentle and W. Perkins Bull looked much like his name.

"The ship must have lacked a full crew or something, as I remember the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross men, together with other male civilians aboard, helped stand guard at the



various exits during the nights of our trip.

"Arriving in Liverpool, we entrained for Southampton, from which port we sailed in two groups for Le Havre in hospital ships. The one night we spent in Paris we were entertained by some of the governmental authorities and then, still in high spirits, we started for Toul. We didn't laugh so much after our first sight of demolished villages and a few trainloads of wounded.

"Our doctors and corpsmen were already in Toul, the hospital being in French military barracks as was customary then. Our group

were the first American nurses in Toul and the local people made much of us. At once, thirty of us were detached to two smaller hospitals which would care for the gassed patients while Base 45 took care of the wounded. We got there just in time for the St. Mihiel Offensive. Our fifteen went to the 'Gas Evacuation,' afterwards No. 87A.

"There, with three doctors and about thirty corpsmen recruited from the lines—willing workers with no medical training—we ran a hospital of about six hundred beds. We evacuated the entire hospital each night, except for those who could not live to reach a Base, and filled up again with the freshly-gassed cases—out of the trenches at first, later from field hospitals as the line moved up. After the Armistice they sent us enough doctors, nurses and corpsmen to become a base hospital.

"We could still hear the front at the time of the Armistice and as Toul was a highly-fortified town, German planes came over every nice bright night. Being young and very busy we never thought much about being afraid and although shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns fell in our courtyard, we were never bombed.

"And a word about our hectic time in New York before going overseas. After four months in a camp in Alabama, where about ten of us Base Hospital No. 45 nurses were stationed according to the practice of splitting up



Thanksgiving? Christmas? New Year's Day?—1918? 1919? What celebration by what outfit is pictured above? The only clue is that it probably was held in Italy

were determined that Satan should get no innings with idleness and so filled our every minute.

"In the mornings we drilled and then stood in a huge rectangle to sing for what seemed hours. After lunch we stood in line to be fitted for everything from shoes to hats. Not only our dress navy-blue uniforms, with changes of white and blue shirts, must be fitted, but also that grotesque gray bedside nursing outfit that stamped us as the world's worst-dressed women! At night we had classes in French. The only real highlight of those weeks was an impressive blessing of our banners at Trinity Church which, as I recall, is on lower Broadway at the head of Wall Street."

NOW that the holiday season is with us, there will be many memories of special Thanksgiving or Christmas or New Year's parties that were held by the old outfits back in the service days. The picture, above, of a dinner party of officers and men un-



Grouped about a British Handley-Page, men of the 135th Aero Squadron gazed upward at an unusual sight above their field at Toul, France, in 1918



units for home service, we were sent to New York for five weeks for mobilization. There, with several other units, we learned we had indeed enlisted in the 'standing' Army of the U. S. A. They

mistakably shows such an occasion—but what we'd like to know is what outfit it is and when and where the party took place.

The photograph, about five by seven inches in size, came to us with this letter from Legionnaire Charles C. Curtis, Colonel, Commanding Officer of the 213th Coast Artillery (Anti-Aircraft), Pennsylvania National Guard, of Allentown Pennsylvania:

"The enclosed photograph was the property of Dr. Albright of this city. The family says that it was given to the doctor by a patient, directly after the World War.

"Dr. Albright was not in the service, having been an elderly man at the time of the war. The U. S. Ambulance Corps trained in Allentown and there is a possibility that the group shown in the photograph was part of that branch.

"Many of those boys served in Italy and this picture may have been taken in that country and later given to Dr. Al-



U. S. Naval officers and men, three gyrenes, and their dog mascot proudly pose on the deck of the captured Austrian battleship Zrinyi in the Adriatic Sea in 1918

bright, because as a prominent local citizen he entertained many of the boys who trained at our Allentown Fair Grounds."

That Italy suggestion bears weight, because the photographer's name and address as they appear on the photograph are: A. Rizzo, Padova, Castelfranco. Unfortunately, the insignia on the collar of the lieutenant on the right and on the chevron of the sergeant major (we assume he is) on the left, cannot quite be determined even from the original print. Who can help us solve this problem?

WATCHING observers bale out of balloons that had been set on fire by enemy aircraft grew to be quite a common experience up around the front lines—but now we learn of an incident similar and yet quite excitingly distinctive. If more of the gang would wake up and do a little digging into their war archives, we're convinced they could produce plenty of additional interesting unofficial snapshots that we could share with all of the readers of *Then and Now*.

The picture of the

group of sun-gazers under the wings of what during the time of *our* war was considered a huge airplane came to us with this report from Legionnaire William J. O'Connell of Derby, Connecticut:

"Some months ago I found in *Then and Now* the name of an old comrade of my outfit, the 135th Aero Squadron, and so was able to re-establish contact after the many years that have passed since the war. He was Fred Postel of San Francisco.

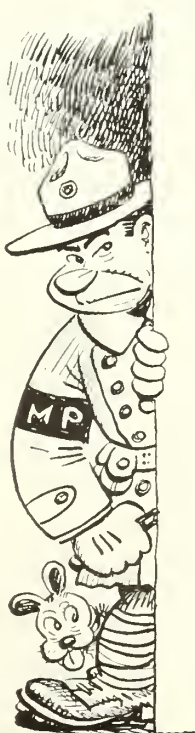
"That caused me to look through my war files and I am enclosing a picture of a bunch of our men grouped around a Handley-Page, an English bomber that had been chased onto our field at Toul, France, by a German plane shortly before the Armistice.

"You will observe that most of the fellows are looking up toward the sky. They were watching a German who was coming down to earth in a parachute—this being the first and only time we ever saw anyone bale out of an airplane with a 'chute. The French battery behind us and to our right had shot the plane down from about 10,000 feet. The German kid landed safely and was captured, but his pilot who had given him the chance to jump, was killed. I often won-

der what became of this kid who was then only about eighteen years old.

"Some of the boys in the group may be able to tell us more about it. I can still name a few of the comrades in the picture after these twenty-odd years. On the extreme right is Sergeant Brooks. How about some of the other fellows of the 135th identifying themselves. Incidentally, that Handley-Page was some plane for twenty years ago! How about it?"

DURING the past year or so, place names in Europe that are only too familiar to veterans who served overseas have been showing up daily in our newspapers. At this writing, a good deal of (*Continued on page 60*)



John Paul Good of Lincoln, Nebraska, son of a U. S. Navy ensign, had the distinction of being born in Naval Base Hospital No. 5 at Brest, France, in 1918

A Skiing THEY WOULD GO

The Army has been using skis since 1867, but this year complete ski battalions are planned for at least three of the Divisions in training, and in addition specially selected individuals will be organized into groups for advanced training in the technique and battle tactics of fast ski patrols. Herewith is offered something about the skiing experiences of a cavalry troop in the Army in Wyoming some fifty years ago.

Illustrator
WILL GRAVEN

MY NIECE is keen on skiing. She is also loud in her praise of the way in which the heroic Finns humiliated the big Russian Army a year or so ago. She appeared skeptical when I stated that fifty years ago the United States Army had a military unit, all on skis, and working every day that snow was available.

During 1890-1893, Troop I of the Sixth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Yellowstone, Wyoming, was on duty patrolling the 5,000 square miles embracing the Yellowstone National Park. Its duties were protection of wild game, preserving order, discouraging poachers, fighting fires and shoveling snow. It will be appreciated that this organization numbering around seventy-six men was quite busy. During the "open" season from June to September the men operated as cavalry—it was a gray-horse troop. The rest of the year was the "closed" season, and all patrolling was done on skis. Sub-stations were located in the Park, occupied by an N. C. O.

and three men to each, connected with the fort by telephone. The deep snow confined the horses to stables and corral. Temperature dropped to around forty below, and (Continued on page 52)

By

HERBERT CURTIS



UP and AT 'EM!

(Continued from page 5)

map. "Orientation" as a sport has been popular in the Scandinavian countries for a number of years. Competitors were furnished with sectional maps carefully marked with four or five different points, together with a finishing point. At each point players would register, before proceeding to the next one. The ground was unfamiliar and obstacles such as rivers, lakes, ravines, thick forests and bogs might be encountered. The sport thoroughly tested the resourcefulness and strength of competitors. Competitions were held at all hours, day or night, rain or shine.

Using their "orientation" technique, troops struck at the enemy's weakest point, faded away and struck again. Troop leading cannot be learned in the classroom or by "barrack square" drill. It must be practised on the kind of terrain, and under conditions which, as nearly as practicable, are likely to be encountered in actual battle.

How do infantry front line troops attack in the modern battle? Assume Lieutenant Hans Schmidt, 1st Prussian Guard infantry regiment, will lead his platoon in an attack. Schmidt has three twelve-man rifle squads, each commanded by a sergeant. He has a light machine-gun squad of three guns and eight men also under a sergeant. In his platoon headquarters there are two sergeants, assistants, and a runner.

While it is true that light, medium and heavy tanks, dive bombers, infantry motors, heavy and light artillery, and perhaps parachute troops, dropped to disrupt hostile communications, all are going to help the advance of Schmidt's platoon, it is also true that none of these auxiliary arms can actually seize and hold ground. The fate of the battle rests, as it always has, on the thousands of Schmidts and their front-line platoons.

If we in our new American armies, can develop thousands of expert infantry platoon leaders and their assistants, we need have no fears that our private soldiers will not carry out their role better than any other soldiers in the entire world.

They must only follow their leader, know how to use their weapon and do what they're told. Nor need we question the fact that orders issued by our higher echelons of command will be as correct or as sound as those of any army in the world. The American Army has an elaborate, highly efficient school system from the War College down to schools for bakers and cooks. Orders are the same whether issued in the classroom for a theoretical map problem, or in a shell-torn dugout in actual combat. It is in carrying out orders, in the mud, rain, thick brush and pitch dark, that our Army is far behind the trained, conscripted veterans of Europe.

What is the technique used by Schmidt in leading his front-line assault platoon?

The attack is ordered for 6:00 A.M. The line of departure runs through brush, woods and open fields. It is a line on Schmidt's map in the hands of Sergeant Heinz, his second in command.

Heinz has not only the platoon map, but the compass set on the magnetic azimuth 189 degrees. He is the navigator of the platoon. He will keep track of his strides for distance, use his compass for direction and check from the map the natural features of the ground. It's his primary job. The cardinal sin of a troop leader is to be lost.

At 5:30 A.M. the captain of Schmidt's company assembles his three platoon commanders and issues orally the company order for attack. Schmidt takes notes. The company will attack gener-

ally south on a front of three hundred yards. First and second platoons, with light machine-gun squads attached, will be the assault wave, first platoon on the right. The third platoon, in support, will follow assault wave, by bounds, at about five hundred yards along the center of the company sector of advance. Company headquarters will be with the third platoon. The regiment on the right has orders to keep contact with Schmidt's regiment. The company mission is to seize and hold part of a ridge two miles to the front. Direction of attack, magnetic 189 degrees. Schmidt returns to his platoon, assembles his men and issues his platoon order.

At 5:55 A.M. he sends out six scouts. Moving forward in pairs, about seventy-five yards apart, they will cover the platoon sector of advance. Schmidt will follow the center twosome at a distance depending on visibility. Behind Schmidt, but keeping in sight, comes the platoon under Sergeant Weber, in single file with about ten paces between men. The center scouts keep their direction by signals from Schmidt. Other scouts guide center.

Now it is 6:45 A.M. There has been some enemy artillery fire, and overhead fire from German guns, but the platoon, taking advantage of cover, has advanced steadily without losses.

An enemy machine gun, some six hundred yards in front of the center scouts, opens fire. Schmidt sees through the brush both scouts drop to the ground and return the enemy fire. Crouching, he moves cautiously forward.

Then, followed by his headquarters, he crawls on hands and knees and lies down beside his scouts. The enemy fire slackens. A scout points to a bush in the corner of an orchard. With his glasses Schmidt picks up a wisp of smoke over the bush. No other sign of the enemy is visible.

Schmidt tells his runner to crawl back, meet the platoon and tell Sergeant Weber to hold the men under cover until further orders. Open, rolling country separates the brush from the orchard. No cover seems to be available for an advance. Schmidt studies his map. About a hundred yards on his right it shows a ravine running southeast and entering the orchard about three hundred yards to the right of the machine gun nest. A break in the fruit trees indicates the point where the ravine enters the orchard. Lieutenant Schmidt rolls over to where Sergeant Heinz is lying. The map is on the ground between them. He points out to his second in command the location of the hostile machine gun

(Continued on page 38)



"But did you actually see him take the money?"

UP and AT 'em!

(Continued from page 37)

nest, where the platoon has halted, and on the map the ravine invisible from where they are lying.

Schmidt has made his decision. He will lead the second and third squads up the ravine, and rush the hostile machine guns from the cover of the orchard. Sergeant Heinz will deploy the first squad and the light machine gun squad on the line of scouts and open slow fire. Schmidt estimates it will take him ten minutes to get back to the platoon, issue his order and reach the ravine. From the point where the ravine leaves the brush it is six hundred yards to the orchard. He can lead his two squads at the rate of one hundred yards in two minutes. Twelve plus ten is twenty-two minutes. He synchronizes his watch with Sergeant Heinz's. It is 7:38 A.M. Heinz with his first rifle squad and light machine gun squad will open slow fire until 8 A.M. From 8 until 8:03 they will put down maximum fire of every weapon on the hostile machine guns. At 8:03 Sergeant Heinz will order the charge straight toward the enemy guns. At the instant the fire stops and the charge begins, Schmidt and his men should be on them from the flank with rifle and bayonet.

If things go as planned there will be a melee for perhaps a minute. Then all will be over and Schmidt must at once send out the squad least disorganized to cover the reorganization of the platoon.

And so the advance continues. There will come during the attack a time when the platoon is pinned to the ground by hostile fire and Schmidt must send back for infantry or artillery fire to clear the way for his further advance. Platoons are trained to go as far as practicable with their own weapons before calling for assistance. There is no "normal attack" in our training regulations. Cover is the essential element. In every attack there must be intelligent use of cover, there must be timing and there must be controlled fire.

Had Schmidt's platoon been armed with the new American Army Garand rifle, each soldier could fire eight carefully aimed shots per minute. Each soldier would be carrying one hundred and sixty rounds—twenty minutes of maximum fire. Twenty minutes of fire to last till dark and the arrival of the company ammunition truck.

Schmidt's platoon may have been part of a mechanized division, but the technique of the attack itself is the same. Infantry detrucks before the battle. Nothing in the training of our new armies is quite as important as to teach our company officers and non-commissioned officers to be expert troop leaders.

Now, to go back to the well known remark of the Duke of Wellington; consider the action of Schmidt's platoon with the game of football as we play it in the United States. The platoon has made an end run. There has been the same element of surprise, of timing, of concerted action. The backfield is represented by Lieut. Schmidt and the second and third rifle squads; the line by the first rifle, and light machine gun squads.

In battle to penetrate an enemy line is a proper maneuver when defensive troops have been spread out over more ground than they can hold effectively. Penetration is bucking the line. On defense the outpost line breaks up an attack, as the line of scrimmage is supposed to do. The main line of resistance stops the attack as the secondary defense does in football. There is always a back held out of play for an emergency. So troops hold out a reserve to meet an envelopment or to counter attack. Blitzkrieg may be an envelopment or a penetration. Infantry is moved by trucks at about thirty miles an hour, which is more than ten times as fast as they can march, but they fight on foot.

So in training for football, the first work of the coach is to harden his players by physical exercises. Next they are taught their individual duties. They progress to the blackboard and signal practice for concerted action, or team

work. Finally they come to scrimmage.

On enlistment the soldier is hardened by physical exercises. Then he is taught his individual duties, primarily to march, to shoot, to obey and take care of his health in the field. Troop leaders progress to the schoolroom, which corresponds to the blackboard and signal practice.

Practising the battle on the ground, or maneuvers, is scrimmage. A coach, who may see a potential All-American half-back sprain his ankle on a quiet weekday afternoon, likes scrimmage about as much as a committee of Congress, which must recommend funds to move troops from New York to Georgia, likes maneuvers. But coaches have scrimmage frequently, because they know they have to have it to get real team play.

Our First Division was moved from Germany to Camp Meade, Maryland, in 1919. From there it was broken up and sent to army posts all the way from Vermont to North Carolina. For sixteen years units didn't see each other, until the division was assembled for the maneuvers of our First Army at Pine Camp, New York, in 1935. Ours is an expensive military establishment. Unlike other great nations we do not in normal peace time require our young men to serve in the Army. Whether the policy is wise or not, it is certainly expensive and may never be changed.



"Who thought up this idea of takin' turns?"

Now our First Division in those post-war years was trained, but it was trained as a football team would be if the backfield practised in Vermont, the line in New York and the ends in North Carolina.

A modern Division with its three infantry and two artillery regiments, its engineers, signal troops, tanks and thirty-mile-long truck train, is a complicated machine. There is no way for it to work smoothly as a combat team, unless it has practice as a Division. The secret of expert troop leading may be summed up in the words timing, control of fire and above all, navigation.

Battle navigation means keeping the proper direction by compass, and distance by strides. Like the sailor or air pilot, the doughboy must know how to navigate on the darkest night. At every moment of the battle he must know exactly where he is on the map. Knowing this, he need only apply the rules he has learned in the map-problem room.

There are many alibis for our inexperienced troop leading in 1918. One alibi is the fact that French and British officers sent to the United States to aid us in training could see nothing but trench warfare. We wasted golden hours throwing grenades, digging elaborate trench systems

and learning to fight with the bayonet. The Army knows a lot more than it did in 1917 and '18.

It knows what troops do in an attack today. It knows you cannot teach troops to attack successfully by requiring leaders to learn the Field Service Regulations, any more than you can train a football team by teaching them the official rule book.

It knows that on the shoulders of infantry front line lieutenants and sergeants, more than on the shoulders of anyone else, rests the fate of the battle, perhaps of the nation itself.

There are no alibis now.

GIVE US THE *Lightweights*

(Continued from page 27)

heavyweights, it just wasn't the championship matches that made the lightweights the great favorites of the boxing public of this country. Small clubs all over the land had their contenders. New York City alone had five clubs that packed them in any time the neighborhood boys climbed through the ropes.

Before Benny Leonard lifted the crown from Freddy Welsh in 1917, eight hard-hitting boxers held the title. Jack McAuliffe succeeded Arthur Chambers, but we won't bore you with his record . . . that was back in 1879. McAuliffe ruled the class for nine years and retired undefeated. He was known for his skill and endurance. He fought one 64-rounder with a broken arm, and two bouts with skintight gloves.

McAuliffe was followed by Kid Lavigne, who claimed the title and knocked Dick Burge, the English champ, sprawling in 17 rounds. Lavigne's toughest fight was with Everhardt, who broke Lavigne's nose, closed both of his eyes and had him bleeding from his mouth and right ear, before the Kid stopped him in the 23d round. After the fight Sam Fitzpatrick stood with Lavigne at the club's bar and fed his fighter champagne with a tablespoon—the champion couldn't see!

Kid Lavigne liked the bright lights and didn't keep in shape. Frank Erne then came along, deserting the featherweights, after he had whipped George Dixon for that title. Erne floored Lavigne, but was ill advised by Kid McCoy, who was in his corner. So the fight went to a twenty-round draw, Lavigne retaining the title. In those days the referee would not give a challenger the title unless he showed an overwhelming bulge over the champ, so Lavigne held on to his bonnet.

Then Erne stopped Dal Hawkins in seven heats, after he himself had been on the floor five times. He whipped Elbows McFadden, than whom there was no tougher. Erne got another chance

at Lavigne, winning the decision after twenty tough rounds. He then took a couple of trips to Europe and was afterwards matched with Joe Gans. During their first fight they bumped heads. Joe received a great gash over one of his eyes, and the blood streamed down his face. Gans was forced to quit and Erne received the decision. Erne then met Terry McGovern. He floored McGovern for the count of nine in the first round, but was flattened in the third. He had trained on wine. Luckily for him the title wasn't at stake in that fight.

Again he met Gans in Canada, but getting himself in shape was a tough task and he was knocked out after one minute and 40 seconds of fighting, losing the crown.

Gans was of course considered one of the greatest colored fighters of all time. The "Old Master" was a natural boxer. He fought hundreds of fights, whipped scores of the best lightweights of his day, held the title for several years and in his final days when practically dying of tuberculosis fought his hardest that he might leave some money for his family.

Joe Gans' love for boxing started one night when he paid thirty cents to see Bob Fitzsimmons give an exhibition. He was fascinated by Ruby Bob's uncanny skill, followed the show from place to place and from a gallery seat watched Fitz for a week. Then his money gave out and he went back to the fish market. He took terrific beatings from Nelson in 1908, losing twice to the Battling Dane.

Nelson lost the title when Ad Wolgast put him away in the fortieth round of a no-limit bout. Nelson, who had the tenacity of a bulldog, was all but slaughtered. When the end came he was half blind and so weak that he could not raise his hands.

Wolgast in defending his title knocked out such tough babies as Mesmic, Burns, Owen Moran and Joe Rivers, but never

gave punching Packey McFarland a bout. He lost the title on a foul to Willie Ritchie in a California ring. As a hitter, Ritchie wasn't to be compared with his predecessors. As a boxer he was outclassed and beaten by Freddie Welsh, in a twenty-round decision fight in London, England. Ritchie claimed he had been "jobbed." Welsh, though born in Wales, was then an American citizen, so the title still remained here. He held the crown for three years, when he lost on a technical knockout in nine rounds to Benny Leonard. That was in 1917. Welsh afterward ran a training camp for fighters in New Jersey until he died a few years ago, broke.

The rise of Benny Leonard really began in 1916, when he received the referee's decision over Joe Mandot and a popular decision over Welsh in ten rounds. Just before Welsh fought Leonard in 1917 he won from Charlie White in twenty rounds at Colorado Springs. Welsh, a clever boxer but a light hitter, reaped a harvest from the no-decision game in New York. When he met Leonard it could only be a "popular verdict" performance under the then current Frawley Law, but Benny hit Welsh so hard that he stopped him in nine rounds and took the crown.

Leonard was then deluged with challengers. He gave Johnny Kilbane, champion of the featherweights, the first chance and after giving the Clevelander a boxing lesson, knocked him out in the third round. Then he defeated Jack Britton in ten and met twenty-eight other customers. As you can see, his first year as champ was a fairly busy one.

From 1917 until 1924, Leonard, a product of New York's East Side, ruled supreme over the lightweights and even made a few of the welters wish they hadn't crossed gloves with him. In that time he met with only a couple of opponents that really gave him a scare. Ritchie Mitchell and Lefty Lew Tendler were the toughest. Benny was the first lightweight champ since Jack McAuliffe to retire unbeaten. No champion ever left a better record. He fought over 200

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GIVE US THE *Lightweights*

(Continued from page 39)

battles, knocked out 70 opponents, and was knocked out but twice in that span, those two setbacks taking place in the first two years of his career. Like so many fighters, Leonard let his great ring earnings slip through his idle fingers and tried a comeback in 1931. He met nineteen opponents in about a year and a half, and then thought he was chipper enough to tackle the hard hitting Jimmy McLarnin. He still had his earthquake punch, but was stopped in the seventh round. He nearly knocked the West Coast Irishman's head off in the first stanza with one of his famous straight rights, but game Jimmy went on to win the tough fight. It was youth, speed and heart against science, age and a crushing wallop. Young legs won that one.

Leonard's close call with Ritchie Mitchell took place in the old Madison Square Garden in 1921. Leonard had put Mitchell down three times in the first round for the count of nine. Rising in a weakened condition, Ritchie shot out a right and caught Benny flush on the chin and floored him.

Leonard got up, used all the science for which he was noted, and weathered the round. In the sixth round of that memorable fight he put Mitchell down twice for the count of nine and when he arose after the second descent, the referee stopped the fight to save Mitchell from further punishment.

His two battles with Lew Tendler, the Philadelphia southpaw were the greatest of Leonard's whole career, outside of his first fight with Ever Hammer in 1916, when Leonard took lumps in Kansas City for nine rounds and stopped the fiery Swede in the twelfth with a shot under the heart.

When Tendler and Leonard first met at Jersey City, Benny was lucky to win from the hard hitting ex-paper boy from Philadelphia. In the eighth round he hit Leonard with lefts to the body that had the champ in acute distress. Benny had to do some fancy bluffing and really talked Tendler out of a victory. For one year Leonard studied the style of porters and when he met Tendler the second time he was the master for the full fifteen rounds. In the 13th he floored Tendler, who was a very tired challenger when the final bell rang. For their first fight at Jersey City they drew 60,000 people and a gate of \$367,862. At their second meeting it was 58,000 people and a gate of \$452,648, at the Yankee Stadium—gates that look good even when compared with those top flight heavyweights have attracted.

To give some idea how the lightweights drew in 1922 following are some of the healthy gates at Madison Square

Garden for that season: Kansas and Tendler, \$51,000; Jackson and Dundee, \$41,000; Dundee and Tendler, \$44,000; Dundee and Benjamin, \$43,000; White and Jackson, \$38,000; Tendler and Friedman, \$36,000. The old Garden was a packed edifice on every Friday evening. Each lightweight had his following, and the fighters showed their appreciation by putting up some of the greatest affairs ever staged. A good showing meant a return bout and the boys punched for keeps.

When Leonard fought the tough, aggressive Rocky Kansas they drew \$115,000, which was only \$2,000 less than the Harry Greb-Tommy Gibbons gate which topped all the cards in the Garden that year. Even the Bobby Barret-Lew Tendler match in Philadelphia drew \$46,500, the Quaker City also being fond of the lightweights.

In 1925 an elimination tournament was held to choose a head-man for the lightweights: after much nose bashing little Jimmy Goodrich was acclaimed champ. That same year, after fourteen years of campaigning, Rocky Kansas defeated Goodrich and wore the crown he had so many times tried to wrest from Leonard. Kansas was built like granite, punches just seemed to bounce off of his squat frame, and he made trouble for the best. He whipped Ritchie Mitchell, George Chaney, Charlie White, Willie Jackson and Luis Vincentini, the Chilean, who had once knocked out Rocky in 11 rounds. Like Leonard, he was kayoed but twice in his long career. Benny was one of the miscreants. Rocky had broken his arm on Benny's head in an early round and just had to give up, as one wing was not enough with which to fend off the clever Leonard.

Kansas dropped the title to Sammy Mandell in 1926 over the ten-round route in Chicago, Mandell's home grounds. Handsome Sammy ruled for four years, most of his fights being over weight affairs and not for the title. Then, as the boys say, he offered it to the highest bidder, who was Al Singer and his combine from New York. Mandell had a hard task to make the weight and was nothing but a pale shell when he faced the chunky East Side boy. Singer opened the fray with a left hook that put Sammy in a fog, and knocked him colder than a frozen mackerel in one minute and 46 seconds of the first round.

Thirty-five thousand persons paid \$160,000 to see the title transplanted from Rockford, Illinois, to Broadway. Singer did not rule for long. That very year he was knocked silly in one minute and six seconds by Tony Canzoneri in Madison Square Garden. Tony had moved up from champ of the feather-

weights, as had a couple of other lightweight champions. The fight was over before many had a chance to see what Singer had. The ex-bootblack from Brooklyn tagged the cocky Singer as he backed into the ropes to ward off an attack.

Tony gave many a challenger a chance at the crown. He fought Jack Kid Berg twice in '31, defeating him over 15 rounds and knocking him cold in the second meeting in three heats. Kid Chocolate, the colored Cuban wonder, also tried his best for 15 rounds, but had to bow to the tough Italian boy. Billy Petrolle, the old Fargo Express, failed in a 15-round attempt and in '33 Tony again gave Chocolate his second chance and stopped him in two rounds.

In 1933 Canzoneri lost the crown to



"Census Bureau? This is Oscar Scruggs—add two boys and a girl!"

Barney Ross in Chicago in 10 rounds. In 1934 Ross renounced the title to move up into the welterweight class because of the lack of business and also because making the 135-pound limit was becoming a major problem for him. Lou Ambers then claimed the title and had to settle affairs with Canzoneri. Tony beat his old sparring partner for the title. Seventeen thousand fans paid \$49.915 to see Tony give his former pupil a boxing lesson and become the first boxer ever to regain the lightweight title.

In 1936 Canzoneri defeated Al Roth and then things slowed up in the class. Challengers became scarce, but Lou Ambers kept himself busy around the country and wanted and demanded a chance again. The boxing fathers of New York State, who do some very strange things at times, decreed that another elimination tournament should be held, the winner to meet Canzoneri.

The National Boxing Association

thought Wesley Ramey, a nice lad from Everett, Michigan, deserved a title fight with Tony and to make things more entangled the New York nabobs then ordered Tony to meet Ambers on a pleasant August evening. Canzoneri begged off and the bout was postponed until September. They finally met and Ambers at last won the title.

Then along came Henry Armstrong, a colored boy from St. Louis who in his drifting had found out that he could fight, out on the California coast. Henry was then almost starving, but after much campaigning wound up the king of the featherweights. He tackled Ambers and won the lightweight title and then went

on to win the welterweight skimmer as well. Ambers then gave Henry a good going-over and won back the crown and was sitting rather pretty until he was hit by the ex-cavalryman Jenkins. Armstrong is a remarkable fighting machine, perhaps one of the best that ever pulled on a glove. His great attacking power has worn down many an opponent, but his face has suffered considerably, for he offers almost no defense. In his second fight with Ambers the flailing Lou opened up a lot of old scars and a face-lifting surgeon had quite a task patching up the gallant colored boy.

There was always tremendous excitement in old Madison Square Garden on

fight nights. In the rusty brown coliseum, crowned by the tower in which Stanford White was shot by Harry Thaw and atop which stood golden Diana, a red plush curtain shut off the arena from the lobby. Behind that curtain for thousands lay almost incredible excitement.

Today in the hundreds of boxing clubs, ball parks and outdoor arenas huddled men lean forward in their seats, their eyes fixed on the ring to watch men swing, duck and counter punch. Boxing should never die, for it is a man's sport, but right now it could re-echo the cry of the indignant chap in the old Pioneer club: "Give us the lightweights . . . that's all boxing needs."

Cartload of Pennies

(Continued from page 11)

you? Couldn't I? I know all the roads and I could help and—and—" I looked at the kid. Back country, not much fun.

"Sure you can, Angie," I said. "How about tomorrow?" The sun of that smile came up and glowed on freckles that danced on dusty tan.

"Really? Tomorrow?"

"Sure," I said, "where'll we meet you?"

"At the church down there," she pointed. "Ten o'clock?"

"Ten o'clock it is, pardner," I told her, and the little chestnut looped off down the road, tail high.

"What's the idea?" Al said, glowering. "I don't—"

"Shut up," I said watching the kid, a speck now. Al shut up.

She rode with us 'most every one of the days that followed. Long rides, too, but they didn't seem to tire her. She was wire all through, and the little horse—shucks, you couldn't even warm him under the saddle pad. And it came so's we dropped in right often at her place, The Maples, staying to eat sometimes while the ponies lazed. I got along good with Joe Tremaine, her father. Maybe that had a thing to do with what happened.

"You ain't real cowboys, are you?" he said when she was out of the room, and I said, "No, but don't tell her, will you?" He nodded. He understood. You don't break what you haven't got much of.

"I wish," said Angie one evening, with the big show getting close, "that I could go in the Endurance Ride with Lin. And," adding quick, "and Al. Could I?"

Her father lit his pipe. "No, Angie," he said, very quiet. She didn't tease. But I sat back there in the shadows and a idea come to me. One, I guess, that had been on the way for days. After a while I caught Joe's eye. We went out.

"Look, Joe," I said, "I ain't buttin' in, but, well, if you was to see your way

clear to let the kid go in the ride with me, I'd watch her close. Right awful close." He puffed his pipe. It wasn't no new thought to him, I could see that.

"I know you would," he said, "but she's too small."

"No," she ain't," I said. "She's tough as tape. Besides, it's mostly walk and trot and if she tires there's cars following, and houses nearby, and anyhow, I'll take care of her, Joe. I promise you." And for a long time he just sat there.

"She'd like it, Joe," I eased in very soft, and after a while he got up. "I reckon you'd take care of her," he said. "She don't get much fun. She could stay at her aunt's, there to Hewburne," and that was it.

Angie, when we told her? Just one great gasp, "Oh can I! Really!" The world all rolled-up and handed to her. I fumbled at the girths, saddling up. "Come on," Al said, "what's into you?"

But he wasn't bad about it. A little grumbling, "She'll slow you down—her horse'll lag—she'll get tired—" but not too set against it, somehow, and I said, "No, she won't, Al. You'll see." I might be wrong, but this was mine, the most important thing I'd ever had, it seemed almost, and Al wasn't stopping me.

He was busy, anyhow, these nights, out with Julie, and it seemed to make him quieter. No softer. Nothing got behind those eyes of his; they had that stare that said, "Al for Al, and you watch you and I'll watch both of us," but he was pleasanter, some, to have around. And then it came up three days from the ride.

"We got two dollars," he said. "That ain't enough."

"Sure it is, Al," I said. "We can get by if—"

"No, we can't," he said, "but don't worry. I just thought I'd tell you. So's you'd know." He went over to the suitcase and there was the click of ivory—as the dice flashed in his hand.

"Now look here, Al," I began, "don't—"

He stood up. "We got a chance to win five hundred bucks in a week," he said. "To do it we got to eat—and eat good." He went out. I couldn't stop him. He was grown. He'd have to learn. I wondered if he ever would.

He wasn't back by ten next morning, by eleven, and I was working on the ponies when at last he did come in. I caught his face. I'd seen Al mad before, but not like this. His face was red and tight, his jaws caught up, his eyes just little slits. He put a package on the sill and went to work. I didn't speak to him till noon, then, "Goin' to eat?" I said. He looked at me and laughed—hard.

"Sure," he said. He took down the package. "Eat this," he said. "It'll be all we get." There was bread and canned meat in it. We sat down under a tree. "Well," I said, "what happened? Spill it."

He just chewed hard, in gulps, for a minute. Then he turned. "Look," he said. "Don't ever be a sap. I been a sap." I waited. "I won two hundred bucks last night," he said, "from a bunch of country clucks down at the garage. This morning I—I told that—I told Julie. I thought she was smart, wise."

"And," I said easy, "she made you give it back." He turned on me quick. "She didn't *make* me give it back," he bit. "Nobody *makes* me do anything. But, well, she said there was people here would like to know about those kind of dice. I should have seen better. They stick together, these hill billies. Said she knew these kids—knew their families—they needed the dough—all that hash."

I got up. "This ain't bad bread and meat, Al," I said. "We'll get along."

He gave a nod, hard, wise and set. "You bet we'll get along," he said, "and there'll be no more of this foolishness either—no more of these dumb country girls. We got some dough to win and there'll be no kids ridin' with us either. Get it?"

I looked at him. "Angie's going to ride along with us, Al," I said. "That won't hurt anything."

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Cartload of Pennies

(Continued from page 41)

He might have hit me, he was that mad. "Not a chance," he said.

"She's going to ride along with me," I said. For a minute I didn't know. Then he gave one nod.

"O.K.," he said. "One horse is yours. So's this." He gave me sixty cents. "We're through." He went on into the barn.

And I just stayed there thinking. I wasn't mad. I could get along alone all right. Somehow. But there was something in behind the way Al acted, something more. Maybe I'd find out.

IT WAS the day before the ride that I saw Julie. Everything was a rush, with horses coming in to the big barn, more than sixty of 'em now, and I was walking out through the village as she came along the path. She saw me and her face went a little set, half turning away, but I said, "Hello, Julie," making it special friendly, stopping before her.

"I'm sorry, Julie," I said, "about what happened here the other night," and she said, "Oh, that's all right. It wasn't your fault," and I suppose it could have ended there. But there was some look in her eye that made me say, "Come on over here a minute, Julie. I want to talk to you." We sat down on a bench.

"Al's not a bad guy, Julie," I said. "It's just, well, that he's had to bang around on his own ever since he was a kid, and, well, it's made him sort of hard, I guess, looking after himself. It's just on top. Underneath he—"

"No," she said, and she was just a kid herself, really, with a pinched face and her eyes hurt. "I thought it was just something that he put on, too. But even when he came back, after he'd returned the money, he—"

"So he did come back," I said, very soft. That told me a lot.

"Yes," she said, "he came back. But just to argue with me that I'd have to get smart about those things. That you had to take it where you could get it." She stopped there, and she wasn't looking at me. She wasn't looking at anything I could see—just out across the little park like there was images there. "We'd talked a lot of plans," she said, very slow, "but, but I couldn't take a chance like that, Linny. I wouldn't dare."

And that was that and I couldn't think of a thing to say, only, "I'm sorry, Julie," and after a while she got up. "I hope you have good luck tomorrow, Lin," she said, and she went away and left me sitting there on the bench in that little park. And maybe she was

right, and maybe I was. I didn't know.

Angie came in that afternoon, late. Angie and Trigger. And the crowd around the barns, the grooms, the riders and the rest, just took her in and made her queen. She sat there one wide beam, with a tooth gone on one side and the same overalls, washed faded clean, and the two tight little braids straight out like tails. One hand she kept in mine, the other in Joe's, and when he saw how they were treating her he eased up a lot.

"Guess it'll be all right," he said finally. "You take care of her now, Lin. She's in your hands. I don't know many others I'd leave her with," and we went up to her Aunt Clarice's house on the outskirts, and Joe went home to milk thirty cows by hand.

"You go to bed right off now, Angie," I said after a meal that didn't do me any harm, but she wouldn't let me leave till she was kicking her toes under the blankets. "Good night, Linny," she said. "Tomorrow's the day, isn't it?" and tomorrow was the day.

The start was set for six. By five-thirty all the weighing-in was done, horses with and without riders to check for weight loss. One hundred and sixty pounds, dead weight or live, was the minimum for each horse to carry, and that meant sixty pounds or more of lead in little bags on Trigger's saddle. "He'll never notice it," I said, and Angie's eyes were out on stems, and they called us.

"The trail is plainly marked with arrows," they said. "Fifty miles, ending back here. Do it in no less than seven hours, no more than seven-and-a-half. Stay on your horse except for fifteen minutes at lunch. No liniments, no medicines. Clean off with plain cold water. No one allowed in the barns after feeding till four next morning. You've read the details," and the first group was off down the road.

ANGIE and I were towards the end. We didn't see Al; he was up ahead somewhere. Clear and with enough chill, the air was, and it was fun, just fun with the kid there beside me. I forgot any worries. This was my time. What might happen later, let it. And so over those hills, down into the valleys, with the dirt soft underfoot and the Trigger dancing along, shaking his head.

"He feels fine, Linny," Angie said, and even Jake, my horse, was perky with him. Past the judges now and then, watching us from some byway, taking notes, with a smile and a wave always for the kid, and then a stop for lunch. "You aren't tired?" I said, and she just laughed at me.

Then on, walk a while, trot a spell, maybe a step or two of canter, and there we were at last, in for the first day, seven hours and eight minutes, perfect time, and Angie bouncing around to rub the Trigger down with hay. She wasn't tired, just a shade around the eyes, but I got her home and this time those round eyes were closed before they hit the pillow.

We weren't in bad, to tell the truth. Our horses hadn't lost much weight they didn't pick up on water, and there wasn't a scratch or puff on either of 'em. Not bad, I thought. Beyond that I wasn't thinking, not on that first day. Two more to come.

But that next morning there were only forty horses out, the rest disqualified or lame or the riders not serious enough to take another beating. "Sure you want to go again?" I said to Angie, there in the cool morning, and she said "Of course!" disgusted, and that day was tougher.

The Trigger didn't dance so much that day. He settled down to work and so did Jake, my buck, and at lunch there were only twenty-nine and Al was one of those. He didn't look at us at all.

"What's the matter with him?" Angie said, puzzled. "He hasn't said 'hello' to me, not once." And I said, "Oh, this is important to him, Angie. He—he's kind of worried," but the furrow stayed there in her brow.

"LOOK," I said, watching her, "don't you think you've had enough, Angie? You could ride back in a car," and she went tense and tight all over. "No!" she said, putting everything into that whisper, and I let it go, then. I wasn't sure. She didn't act done in, but could I tell? Maybe I'd bit off more than I'd thought. Maybe—and then the fifteen minutes were up, and we were up again, too, and down the road.

Plod, plod, plod, it gets into your brain, and you're trying to save your horse, and your back is full of jars and your legs hang heavy and your horse's head is down and ten more miles, and there's the big Inn barn.

She did her work around her horse, I couldn't keep her from that, but there wasn't any talk, any bubble, and back at her Aunt Clarice's, tucked into bed, she just lay there. Then I told her.

"Look, Angie," I said, from the mattress edge, "why don't you stay right here tomorrow, and I'll go out and see if I can bring in the bacon? All right?" And she just opened her eyes and said what she'd been thinking all that day, I guess, what I'd been thinking too, doggone it.

"But Linny, I might win the prize. All those pennies. Cartloads of pennies, Linny, to take home," and what could I say?

Because she might. That pony Trigger

was in shape and going fine. I'd looked the horses over. Mine was good, and three or four others, but she was in it. And so was Al. The three of us against each other, really. I couldn't somehow tell her no.

"You wait till morning, Angie," I said. "Wait and see then." Maybe she wouldn't wake up. "You let her sleep, if she will," I said to her aunt, and went on back to the barns and listened to the gossip. That can tell you quite a bit. And I hadn't been far wrong. Others had seen. Some kids are natural with horses and some horses are natural to the hill country. And they fitted that picture, those two. I couldn't sleep. What ought I to do?

The morning answered it. She was there. Heck, I don't know. Sixty people had started this grind, most of them grownups. And now there were sixteen and she was one of them, those eyes a little bigger, her face drawn a shade, but "Good morning, Trigger," and a hand over his legs, for puffs, like an old timer, and her saddle blanket folded careful and smooth. What could I do?

"But I feel fine, Lin, I do," and we were out and now she rated even more. Because I had had wind puffs on my horse's leg, and others had the same, and there were a few bad backs. I caught them, and there was Al.

Al had one spot, a saddle gall up by the pommel side, not much, and there was a pad part over it, but I could see. It would mark him down, because those things all counted on the score, but it would be close. It would be awful close. Then we were off.

It got hot. You'll get a day like that, when the September sun comes back, once in a while, to kid you, and by ten the heat was burning, shimmering, and the dust came up heavy, stifling, and I watched Angie close.

The horses were strung out that day, no one in sight behind us or before, and then we went into a narrow path that ran for miles by deserted farms, rocky, overgrown, and I was ahead to watch the trail. She wasn't talking any, Angie wasn't, and every once in a while I'd turn 'round for a look at her and sometimes she'd manage a smile and sometimes it just couldn't break.

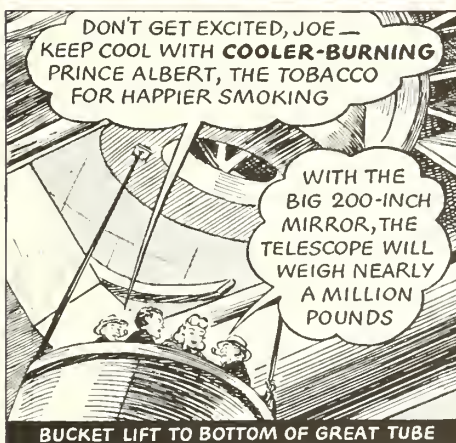
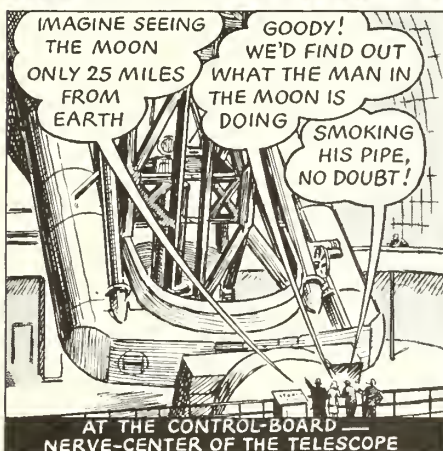
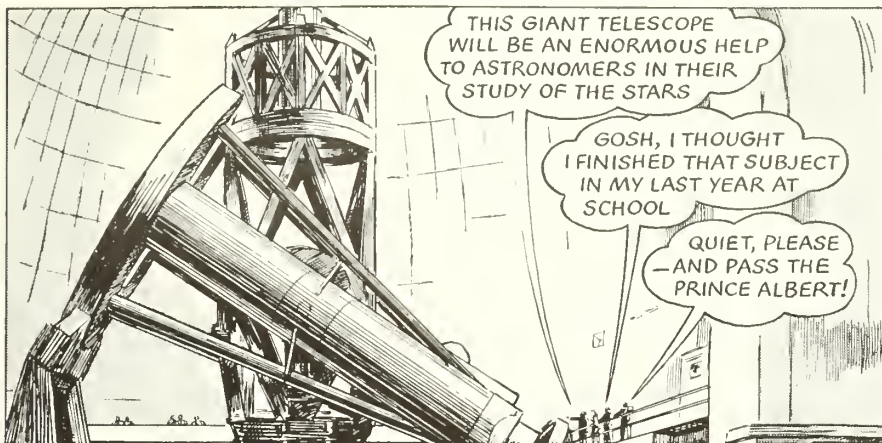
And I thought, you shouldn't have done this, you shouldn't, and then, away back where the fields were barren gray and the cows rose wheeling lazily, I somehow, all at once, missed the plip plop of the Trigger's feet, and, pulling up, I saw.

He was standing there, that pony, and she was sliding off, just slowly, and her face was very white in the bright sun. I'll remember that look always, the freckles standing out so brown, and the dull, glazy look to her eyes. "Angie!" I said, and I was off and beside her and she was limp in my arms.

(Continued on page 44)

★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★ *World's Largest Telescope*

MOUNT PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA



IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED — **COOLEST OF ALL!**



Cartload of Pennies

(Continued from page 43)

I couldn't think. No cars could follow us in here, no riders were in sight, and there she was. I almost prayed, right then, up to the sun. And then, around the bend, a horse came on. It was Al. He stopped beside me, not dismounting.

"She's fainted," I said, and there was a queer look, indecision, misery almost, on his face. He moved one leg to get down. Then he put it back.

"Give her this," he said, handing me a water bottle, and I got some into her mouth. "Pour it on her face, and back of her neck," he said, and, slowly, her eyes opened, fluttery, and all the weights of the world eased up a little on my shoulders.

"Here, help me get her on my horse," I said, but he just sat there watching her. "Come on," I said, and then he shook his head.

"No," he said, "she'll be all right. I've seen 'em that way before. I'm going on."

I couldn't believe him. "You're not leaving us in here," I said, and he nodded. "You can get her in," he said, "you don't need me. I wouldn't do no good," and he was moving down the path.

I called him plenty things, but he just went along through the hill folds. Al and

his motto, "All for Al." This was his chance to win. I got her back, and then I went to see Joe.

He wasn't mad at me, Joe wasn't, and we stood there side by side, watching that smile that barely broke around her lips. "I'm sorry, Linny," she said, "there won't be any pennies now, no loads of pennies," and then, "now don't you go away, either of you, while I sleep some more." And we didn't go away. Not till her fingers went loose on ours, and her breath was steady and strong. Then we went out.

"Forget it," Joe said. "I was dumb. It's all right now, anyway," and, late in the evening, we took her home.

"I've got to get along," I said finally. Just where I wasn't sure, but getting on. And, sitting back there, Joe Tremaine said slowly, "Why?" Just that, but something in his voice. And I said, "Well, I can't stay here forever—"

"Why not?" he said, puff-puffing on his pipe. "I could use a partner. Permanent. We could make this place hum, the two of us. And, 'with a smile there in his eyes,' and the kid 'ud like it."

I looked at him. "A liftin' partner, eh," I said, and he grinned, nodding. A car came up outside. It was Al.

"How's the kid?" he said.

"All right," I said, stiff, standing back. He hesitated. Then, "Give her this," he said, handing me a paper.

"Hey, wait," I said. It was a check. Five hundred dollars. Made out to Al. Endorsed by him on back, "Pay to Angie Tremaine," and underneath "Cartloads of Pennies," in Al's scrawly hand.

I caught the car as it half stalled on the hill. It never would do good on hills, that car. "What's the idea, Al?" I said. I wanted to make him say some things.

"What do you mean," he said, very gruff. "The kid would have won it. She was out in front. She can use it. Besides," and there was a sheepish grin on his face, a funny sheepish grin I'd never seen before. "besides, cowboys do good." The kid had said that, on that first day. He'd remembered.

But I didn't answer it. He wouldn't have wanted me to. "What are you going to do now, Al?" I said finally.

"Who, me?" he said, too careless. "I dunno. I'll find something." He swung down towards the big barn as we came into Hewburne. There were lights bright in a lunchroom down the street.

"Hey, let me out," I said, "I'll see you later." He let me out.

And I was right, too. The last I saw of her she couldn't walk quite fast enough down towards Al's car. She had to skip most every step. A swell kid, Julie. Swell. I went and sat in the little park. I wasn't worrying about Al. He'd found something. He'd get along. They would. I felt good.

(Continued from page 13)

journalist who labeled him the only truly Homeric figure in the modern world to the American lecturer who called him Japan's patriotic super-gangster. His career, true enough, has been too fantastic for even Sunday supplement fiction.

He was born the year Commodore Perry opened Japan to the world. He was educated in his home town of Fukuoka by Miss Ran Takaba, an amazon who wore men's clothes, two medieval swords, and struck anyone who addressed her as a woman. He became a student of Confucius and an admirer of Napoleon. At an early age he was apprenticed to a merchant to sell "geta" or wooden clogs, but was fired when, out of pity for the poor, he virtually gave the shoes away at five sen (about two and a half cents) a pair.

In 1894, the outside world first heard of the Black Dragon, and of Toyama. In that year, Toyama demanded of his government that it stop handing out concessions to foreign countries, stop having an international inferiority complex, and more concretely, fight China for Korea before Russia did. Japan won a quick and easy victory that time.

In the years before, Toyama had supported and taught poor students and patriots, who eventually became the

WATCH THAT DRAGON

nucleus for his terror society. Incidentally, today 60,000 men in Japan, most of them in high positions, owe personal gratitude to Toyama.

At the turn of the century, the first man to feel the lash of the Dragon was Foreign Minister Shigenobu Okuma, who had founded Waseda University, forced a German constitution on the people and was the nation's greatest statesman. Earlier, Okuma had borrowed money from England to build Japan's initial railroad. Toyama branded him a traitor. Minister Okuma offered Toyama a bribe of a quarter of a million yen (almost \$500,000) to leave Japan forever, to which Toyama replied, "I'll take the money—but not the boat!"

Finally, Okuma secretly negotiated with foreign governments, giving them the right to appoint jurists to Japanese courts. The London *Times* carried the story. Toyama's operatives cabled the full account to him. Immediately, Toyama sent a Black Dragon disciple to dispose of Okuma. A bomb was thrown at Okuma's carriage, ripping off one of his legs. He barely escaped bleeding to death. The assassin committed hari-kari on the

spot. There was no evidence against Toyama. But, as an aftermath, when Toyama went to visit the Minister, Okuma frowned and inquired bitterly:

"Have you come to bring back my leg?"

"Now, sir," replied Toyama, "any high official should be gratified to donate a mere leg for the emperor and the empire!"

With a mixture of similar terror and audacity, Toyama and the Black Dragon were responsible for plunging Japan into the successful war against Russia. In July of 1903 the Czar's agents were marching into Korea, and Imperial Russia was fortifying that part of Manchuria that is now Harbin. Prince Hirobumi Ito, adviser to the Emperor, favored appeasement and a deal with Russia. Members of the Black Dragon were in favor of killing Prince Ito. But Toyama favored more subtle methods. Accompanied by four of his husky followers, he visited Prince Ito one afternoon. The following morning Ito came out in favor of the war.

On another occasion, Toyama went to call on Prince Matsukata, who, like the

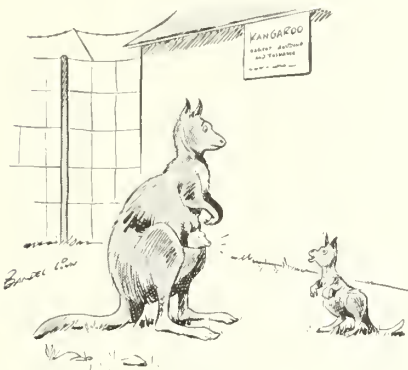
present Premier Konoye, came from one of the five families of the empire. Servants informed the old man that the prince could see no one, as he was setting off on a journey. "Servants," instructed Toyama, "go back and ask your master if he feels sure he will ever reach his destination." The journey was promptly postponed. Toyama was received.

Thus, always employing the same tactics, Toyama and the Black Dragon have kept pace with a growing Japan, from the days of the Samurai to these modern days of streamlined and mechanized force. Today, as in the past, the Black Dragon possesses millions of members sworn to die for—as Toyama told me—"the emperor, the nation and nationalism."

At present the Black Dragon is composed, as John Gunther put it, of "hooligans, army officers, chauvinistic politicians, avowed terrorists, quite respectable cabinet ministers, and secret agents . . ." The Black Dragon, and its five affiliated organizations, exists and works on funds grafted from army and navy budgets, on funds blackmailed from rich business men, and on funds donated by fascist-minded millionaires.

However, as to the aims of the Black Dragon today only one man holds the answer. Toyama. And so I attempted a futile thing. To see him. And I accomplished an unprecedented thing. I saw him.

I had heard many fascinating and weird things about the old pirate—that once, when a dog bit him, he spoke to it gently and bought it sweets; that another time, competing in endurance with a Zen priest, he sat five days and five



"Mrs. Hamlin, can Junior come out and play?"

nights without sleeping, eating, moving or speaking; that he never heated his house in winter nor locked its doors at night; that he often took robes from his body and gave them to the poor to pawn; that he never killed mosquitoes or other insects.

I traveled three hours out of Tokyo, into the hills near Fuji, to a village

called Miyanoshta—and there, in a gray wooden summer villa, with yellow matted floors and bare rooms, I saw Mitsuru Toyama. I took off my shoes, bowed, and sat Budda-like on a white pillow beside him. He stared at me unsmiling, blue eyes grotesque through thick, black-rimmed glasses. A woman disciple served saki, tea and watermelon.

There was a temporary difficulty. My interpreter, a young curio shop clerk, became paralyzed in the great man's presence. The interpreter perspired. His upper lip trembled. His throat cords constricted.

Finally, the interview began. Toyama spoke slowly, huskily, punctuating his sentences with a feline purr. He spoke of Japan and the United States, slapping his left hand (which was minus a middle finger) on the tea table. Obviously, he spoke also for the Imperial Palace.

"Japan and the United States," he began, "must remain at peace to better survive. That is true of the nations in Europe, too, which must give up imperialism and land-grabbing and decide to live in harmony. The main issue is this: the United States must busy itself with its Monroe Doctrine, patrol its Americas, keep peace and happiness among its own peoples. The United States must stay out of the Far East. The United States must decide to leave the Orient exclusively for Orientals. If

(Continued on page 46)

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

FOR TASTE...QUALITY...VALUE!

OLD DRUM
BLENDED WHISKEY

OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

STRIKE...

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY: 90 and 86 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

WATCH THAT DRAGON

(Continued from page 45)

the United States can do that, can let us fulfill our divine mission without unfair interference, she will find us her best neighbor!"

According to Toyama, Japan's divine mission embraces a larger slice of China, countless strategic islands in the Pacific and a freeing of all the Far East from foreign colonies, possessions, investments.

HE DID not think the conflict with China would last much longer.

"Japan and China are fundamentally friends, and will soon be friends again. Anyone here will tell you that we are only trying to free the Orient from debasing influences—only trying to make the entire yellow race united, peaceful, cheerful and healthy."

Oddly, he spoke of Japan's great enemy, Chiang Kai-shek, as a brother. Chiang, I learned, had once studied at Japan's Imperial War College, had later studied under Toyama and been befriended by him. In fact, the two had been so close that observers say Chiang deliberately avoided giving aid to Manchuria and did not assist the heroic Chinese Nineteenth Route Army in Shanghai because of his personal friendship for Toyama.

"At present," said Toyama, "Chiang Kai-shek is on the wrong road because he has been misled by the communists from Russia. But I have not lost faith in my pupil, and I know one day soon he will realize that our battle is not against each other, but rather, together, against outside forces."

The implication being, apparently, that

Japan and China would eventually unite against the United States, Great Britain and Russia.

Incidentally, on the subject of Great Britain, Toyama did not mince words.

"It is true that Japan and England used to be good friends. Yes. But England has begun to practise, more than ever before, injustice. I know the standards of morality the English people claim for themselves—and the morality they practise in India, in China and in all Asia. This contradiction is hypocritical and contemptible. And from the way things appear to me, Japan and England can no longer be friends!"

He mentioned Germany, which, even before the German-Italian-Japanese pact, had a representative in Tokyo working with the Japanese government to introduce Nazi-styled thought-control.

"We shall remain friends with Germany if Adolf Hitler is not concerned with the Far East. I feel Hitler's greatness will depend, not upon his military victories, but on the justice he permits to prevail after he is victorious. At present, he must use his head. He is now at his highest position, from where it is easiest to become dizzy and tumble."

TOYAMA was in the middle of his watermelon when I asked him, candidly, about his Black Dragon society. He swallowed his slice of melon with a throaty gulp, and glanced at me curiously.

"Yes, the Kokuryukai, the blood-brotherhood, still exists. It is more powerful than ever before. I was its pioneer. Today, my pupils are carrying

on—men like ex-Premier Koki Hirota. Our ideal is still the same: to obey the Emperor; to work for the Emperor; to establish the nation's policy, and to free the Orient. Of course, I am no longer active in the Kokuryukai's work."

Later, after the interview, I asked an educated Japanese about Toyama's remark that he was no longer active in the Black Dragon. He laughed heartily. "The old fox! Not active! That's good! Why he's more active than the Premier himself!"

AND so, with Toyama and his millions of followers back in circulation—the greatest and most violent pressure group in the world—it is obvious that Japan, despite internal economic handicaps, is marching swiftly on its divine way. And all those in its path must bow aside. For, to Mitsuru Toyama, to his superior and friend, Emperor Hirohito, to his disciple, Premier Konoye, the future is quite clear. England must get out of the Far East, out of Shanghai, Hongkong, Singapore. The United States must get out, and forget about its islands—even the Philippines—which Toyama has said "must be liberated from their oppressors!"

Most fearful was Mitsuru Toyama's parting shot as I got up to go. He flung it at my back.

"The world must remember that Japan need no longer be afraid of bigger or richer countries. Japan is strong! Japan is prepared!"

And incidentally, if others in Japan do not possess the same bravado and are not sufficiently convinced—Toyama can supply the convincer—with the Black Dragon!

TRY THIS on your PIANO

(Continued from page 15)

appoint a committee to see that the piano is moved from our old quarters. If there is no further business to come before this—

COMRADE JENKINS: Ah—Mr. Commander, I—that is, I mean this is really a fine thing we're doing—I don't want anybody to think—

A MEMBER: Nobody will; don't worry.

COMMANDER: Order!

JENKINS: I mean—er—the members should not get the impression I am against it, because I'm not—but—er—as I see it—I mean it seems to me—ah—if we are going to give this piano to—we ought to—er—that is, we should select some child of a veteran who—I mean he or she ought to have some

musical talent and—you see, if it is to be of real service—I personally don't know anything about music, Mr. Commander, and I don't believe—this isn't intended as any reflection upon—ah—the members of this Post, but so far as I know—what I mean to say is—ah—when it comes to a question of musical matters—

SMITH: Comrade, what you're gittin' at in plain language is that there ain't no Paderooskies in this here bunch of antiquated dough-boys an' gobs—ain't that it?—which I think you have got somethin', if it is.

JENKINS: Yes, that's about—er—you've grasped my general idea. I—ah—that is—

COMRADE BUZZY: What do we have an Auxiliary for, anyhow?

A MEMBER: That's it. Let the Auxiliary select the kid to get the piano. They know more about it than we fellows do.

COMMANDER: If there is no objection, we will leave the selection of the recipient of the piano up to our Auxiliary Unit.

PUBLICITY OFFICER: And I'll see that that gets in the papers, too.

COMMANDER: I will entertain a motion to adjourn.

(The meeting adjourns. But the members have now lost their lethargy and remain to discuss this new and fascinating proposition; all except the PUBLICITY OFFICER, who, eyes aflame, dashes for the offices of the local newspapers to see the night editors.)

TIME: The following day. The PUBLICITY OFFICER has done his stuff. The story is front page in

the day's newspapers. And it contains a statement that all applications for the piano should be sent to the President of the Auxiliary Unit.)

TIME: One o'clock the next morning.

(TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.)

AUXILIARY PRESIDENT: Is that you, Mr. Commander?

COMMANDER: Yeh. Aw-ww-aw! Excuse me; your call got me out of bed.

AUX. PRES.: Well, I haven't been able to go to bed. I've had 'phone calls and telegrams all evening about some piano the Legion is giving away, or something, and I don't know anything about it, and I'm just about crazy. The papers said they were to send their applications to me, and I don't know anything about it. I never saw such a thing in my life. If it keeps up I don't know what I'm going to do. Really I—

COMMANDER: Just a minute, Madame President.

(He explains what has taken place.)

AUX. PRES.: Well, of all things! That is a fine way to do, if you ask me. You haven't even taken it up with our Unit to find out whether we would do it or could do it; you didn't even let me know what was going on. Honestly, of all the—

COMMANDER: Now, please, Madame President, this is a great idea. don't you see? It's a wonderful opportunity for the Unit to—

AUX. PRES.: Well, if it's such a great idea and wonderful opportunity for the Unit, why did you keep it a secret?

COMMANDER: It isn't a secret. The papers—

AUX. PRES.: I should say it isn't a secret—to anyone but us. The papers are full of it, everybody knows about it. Millions of people are calling me up about it—and I haven't even heard of it.

COMMANDER: I'm very sorry, Madame President. I suppose we should have let you know, but—

AUX. PRES.: Should have let me know? Well, since my name is being bandied about in the newspapers like—

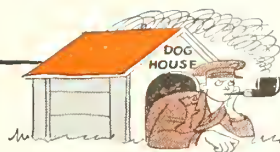
COMMANDER: Now, please; everything is going to be all right. I have to go to St. Louis on business later this morning and I'll be gone a few days, but the Vice Commander will be in touch with you and he'll—

AUX. PRES.: Well, all I can say is, I'm going to try to get some rest. Good-night.

SCENE: Home of the AUXILIARY PRESIDENT.

TIME: Later the same day.

(The telephone has rung continually. It is now late afternoon, and since noon the ringing has been with persistent futility, because the
(Continued on page 48)



PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY

—but he's out of the dog house now!



"NO BLANKETY-BLANK rookie whosmokessuchblankety-blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry my daughter! Phew! Get out and stay out, before I lose my temper!"



"THE OLD WALRUS sure told me off!" gloomed Kelly. "Wonder what dollar-a-pound mixture he smokes? Fat chance I could afford such like on the slim pay I get around here."



"LOVE HIM, DO YOU?" growled the Colonel. "Tell him the Army's favorite pipe tobacco is Sir Walter Raleigh. Men ought to be ordered to smoke this mild blend of burleys!"



KELLY GOT DECORATED for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the brand of grand aroma! Two full ounces, 15¢.

New!

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

Time in... **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE

TRY THIS on your PIANO

(Continued from page 47)

PRESIDENT has fled from her home in despair. Returning at dinner time, she finds her mail box jammed with letters, telegrams stuffed under the door and the telephone still ringing. In desperation she instructs the Unit Secretary to call an emergency meeting of the Auxiliary Unit, and then goes to bed with a nervous headache and a renewed determination that she did not raise her boy to be a Son of The American Legion.)

TELEGRAM

COMMANDER, BLANK POST,
AMERICAN LEGION
c/o SWANKY HOTEL, SAINT
LOUIS, MO.

CRISIS IN PIANO SITUATION
STOP COMMITTEE APPOINTED
TO GET PIANO FROM OLD QUARTERS
REPORTS PIANO DISAPPEARED
STOP SUGGEST YOU INVESTIGATE
SECOND HAND PIANO MARKET IN
SAINT LOUIS STOP OR SOMETHING
STOP START BACK HERE QUICK STOP
AND DON'T STOP STOP

ADJUTANT

SCENE: Post rooms.

TIME: The next night.

OCCASION: Emergency meeting of the Post Executive Committee called by the COMMANDER, who has taken the next train back after receiving the ADJUTANT's telegram.

COMMANDER: (to FINANCE OFFICER) How much money have we in the treasury?

FINANCE OFFICER: (without inordinate pride) Sixty-six cents.

COMMANDER: (ruming his nervous fingers through his already rumpled hair) The President of the Auxiliary Unit says she has now received three hundred applications for the piano, not counting telephone calls.

PUBLICITY OFFICER: (beaming) I told you it would go big!

SMITH: Big? Too big. Now we ain't got no pie-anna.

COMMANDER: We're committed to action—to give away a piano we don't have. Gentlemen (desperately banging his fist upon the table), we've got to produce or this Post is sunk!

SMITH: Well, I didn't think much of this here thing when the Publicity Officer brought it up, but—

COMMANDER: Never mind that now. We're in it.

SMITH: Well, we ain't gonna let you down, Commander. I'm passin' the hat right now and startin' it with five bucks

to git another second-hand pie-anna. Come across, you so-and-so's.

(Result: \$25.00)

COMMANDER: Thanks, boys. Immediate action is necessary. I will appoint a committee to procure another second-hand piano. The trouble is I don't know just who ought to be on that Committee. I don't know anything about pianos, and I don't know that any of you birds know anything about them, either.

SMITH: It's a headache, Commander,



and since this here Publicity Officer which is so smart started it, let it be his headache.

PUBLICITY OFFICER: But I don't know any more about pianos than the Commander does.

SMITH: You knowed how to get a whale of a lot of newspaper publicity about one, all right.

COMMANDER: This is really an Americanism project.

AMERICANISM OFFICER: (nervously anticipating) But—but I wouldn't know a Steinway from a Stradivarius. Nobody told me being an expert on musical instruments was a necessary qualification of an Americanism officer, and it doesn't say so in our Constitution, either.

COMMANDER: And I think the Adjutant ought to be a member of that committee.

ADJUTANT: Look here, Commander, I got enough dirty work to do. It isn't fair. I don't know anything about pianos. I had one once that my aunt gave me, but I got a good trade-in on it for a radio.

COMMANDER: (desperately) I can't help it. Something's got to be done. I appoint as a committee to get another second-hand piano the Americanism officer, the Adjutant and the Publicity Officer.

Here are the twenty-five bucks; and we'll adjourn this Executive Committee meeting until eight o'clock to-

morrow night to receive the committee's report.

SCENE: Post rooms.

TIME: Eight o'clock the next evening.

OCCASION: Adjourned emergency meeting of the Post Executive Committee.

COMMANDER: I am ready to receive the report of the committee to purchase a piano.

(Telephone rings. ADJUTANT answers it.)

ADJUTANT: It's for you, Commander.

COMMANDER: (on telephone) Oh, yes, Madame President.*** What?*** Yes, that's true, we did appoint a committee to get another piano. The committee's here and about to make its report*** Well—***But—***Yes, but—***I realize that you have many members of the Auxiliary who know much more about music and pianos than we do, but—*** Yes***Yes***Well, we didn't—***I realize—***I realize—***Yes, I probably should have consulted you and gotten some of your members who know something about it to help select the piano, but—***Yes, yes, you're quite right, only—***No, the committee doesn't know much about pianos, but they're all good business men and I'm sure whatever they've done is the correct thing—***I'm really sorry; it was my mistake, but everything's going to be all right.***Yes, I'll try to coöperate better from now on.***Yes.***All right.***Sure, sure.***O.K.***Good-bye.

(Wiping the perspiration from his forehead and turning on the group.)

COMMANDER: Don't say it, don't say it!

(There is silence for a while.)

All right, let's have the report.

AMERICANISM OFFICER: Well, I was sort of Chairman of the Committee, I guess, being appointed first, but we all went down to the Central Music Co., Inc., which is the best place we could find out about buying pianos from, and I think we did a swell job, if I do say it myself. We gave the guy there a great story on what a big thing we were doing for the community and we finally sold him the idea—we really talked him into letting us have a piano on time payments, twenty-five dollars down.

COMMANDER: (with apprehension) And how much up?

AMERICANISM OFFICER: Why, the total—we don't have to pay it except in—the full price is a hundred dollars, but—

COMMANDER }
FINANCE OFFICER } (together) A hun-
SMITH } dred dollars!

AMERICANISM OFFICER: Sure. We signed a contract—

COMMANDER: Holy mackerel! Signed a contract? For a hundred dollars? Where are we going to get any hundred

dollars? We had to take up a camp-town to get the twenty-five!

SMITH: The next time we pick out officers for this here Post—

COMMANDER: (*rising to the occasion*) I appoint this entire Executive Committee a committee of the whole to go down right now and talk ourselves out of what these three planned-economy birds have talked us into. (*Grabs his hat and coat.*) Come on, you babies! All of you. Maybe we ought to get the Auxiliary appointed a receiver and guardian for us.

(*The Executive Committee piles through the door and out into traffic, caring for nothing than the necessity of killing that contract.*)

SCENE: Main store of the Central Music Co., Inc.

TIME: Twenty minutes later.

After much pleading, begging and cajoling the contract for \$100 is canceled and a new deal entered into to purchase a piano, less aristocratic but more in keeping with the financial condition of the Post, for the total sum of \$25. Everybody is now happy again.

SCENE: Commander's business office.

TIME: The next morning.

(*Telephone conversation*)

VOICE: This here's the Monarch Moving. We got a pie-anna from the Central Music, Ink. Where do yez want it to go?

COMMANDER: Take it to the Post rooms of the Blank Post of The American Legion. Know where they are?

VOICE: Yep. My brother's a member. Say, the charges for the haulin' is ten bucks. Who pays?

COMMANDER: Why—why, you can—er—make out the bill to the Post and leave it at the Post rooms.

VOICE: O.K. So long.

(*COMMANDER leans back in his chair, a little stunned. The telephone rings again.*)

VOICE: This is the Central Music Company, please. There is a charge of five dollars for tuning the second-hand piano purchased by the Blank Post. Shall we send the bill to you?

COMMANDER: No, no, No! Send it to the Post. Good-bye.

(*COMMANDER wipes his brow, sits dazedly for a while, then goes to the window and looks out blankly, trying to think. Returns to telephone, calls up the ADJUTANT and tells him to get hold of every member of the Executive Committee for another emergency meeting that night at eight o'clock.*)

SCENE: Post rooms.

TIME: Eight o'clock that night.

OCCASION: Another emergency meeting of the Post Executive Committee.

SMITH: What the hell are we gittin'

together again fer tonight? I thought this thing was all set. I promised the missus and the kids I'd take 'em to the movies. I love this here American Legion but, after all, I got to do something else *once* in a while or—

ADJUTANT: Yeh. I had a couple of things I wanted to do myself.

FINANCE OFFICER: I should have stayed at the office and worked tonight.

AMERICANISM OFFICER: I got to get away quick. I'm due at a big party I don't want to miss.

COMMANDER: Gentlemen, I have bad news. We're in the hole some more—ten

dollars for hauling the piano and five for tuning it, or a total of fifteen dollars.

SMITH: Well, I'll be a son-of-a-gun! (*Turning to PUBLICITY OFFICER*) What kind of a racket is this gettin' to be, anyhow? I was leery about the whole thing from the beginning.

FINANCE OFFICER: I don't believe in lynching, but I don't like publicity promoters, either. It's a question as to—

ADJUTANT: There *is* such a thing as justifiable homicide.

SMITH: (*to PUBLICITY OFFICER*) Listen, buddy, come clean. Are you really

(*Continued on page 50*)



"Best Wishes for Your Happiness"

from your friends and neighbors in the telephone company. May the friendly spirit of the holidays carry through all of 1941. . . . BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

TRY THIS on your PIANO

(Continued from page 49)

workin' fer the government secret so's to git money in circulation to help the depression?

PUBLICITY OFFICER: Now, listen, you fellow. Honest, this *is* a big thing we're doing, and I didn't think these little odds and ends—

FINANCE OFFICER: Odds and ends! Twenty-five dollars—ten dollars—five dollars. Maybe they're odds and ends to a big publicity shot like you, but they're forty good hard smackers to a little finance officer like me.

SMITH: If I ever git sucked into one of these here heart-renderin', humanitarian, brother-helpin' publicity stunts again, so help me Hannah, I'll—

AMERICANISM OFFICER: I never thought much of the music business, anyhow.

SMITH: It's sissy.

FINANCE OFFICER: There's a lot of money lost in it.

(Silence for a while.)

SMITH: (finally) Oh, hell. Let's git down to brass tacks. Here's another buck.

CHORUS: {Here's one.
I'll give three.

{Two's the best I can do.

Etc.

(Result: \$15.00)

PUBLICITY OFFICER: (suddenly) Say, I've got an idea!

ADJUTANT: Jump, boys, jump!

AMERICANISM OFFICER: Watch out, he's loose again!

FINANCE OFFICER: Hold on to your pocketbooks.

SMITH: Mr. Publicity Officer, you can take your idea and—

PUBLICITY OFFICER: No, no. The Auxiliary is yelping about us not letting them in on this thing. Well, we'll let them in—to contribute.

FINANCE OFFICER: Well, now that's a real bright idea. And from a publicity officer, too.

COMMANDER: It *is* all right. I'll get in touch with the Unit President right away. Maybe we can get our money back. Gentlemen, I'm sorry, but we'll have to meet here again three nights from tonight.

SMITH: What? *Two* nights we don't have to come here? Commander, you're so good to us.

SCENE: Post rooms.

TIME: Three nights later.

OCCASION: Adjourned emergency meeting of the Post Executive Committee.

COMMANDER: I want to report that I put the proposition up to the Unit President. She called an emergency meeting of her executive committee.

But they're sore. They'll only give us five dollars.

FINANCE OFFICER: That's a disappointment, but it's *something*. I'll figure up the pro rata shares we'll get back out of this. Smith, you have—

COMMANDER: You needn't bother.

FINANCE OFFICER: Huh?

COMMANDER: It didn't occur to any



"Will you quit pestering me—I'll let you know when you're old enough to vote!"

of us that we have to have a bench to go with that piano.

(Silence.)

COMMANDER: The bench will cost exactly five dollars.

(More silence.)

ADJUTANT: (with assumed cheerfulness) Well, anyhow, we don't have to chip in any more.

AMERICANISM OFFICER: Listen to Pollyanna!

COMMANDER: (hesitatingly) I have one other bit of bad news.

FINANCE OFFICER: (wincing) How much is it *this* time?

COMMANDER: This isn't a question of money. The Auxiliary selected a winner but fortunately the President called me before they announced it, and I found out that the winner they picked was not the child of a veteran.

SMITH: Say, what was we doin' this fer? I ain't contributin' my—

COMMANDER: They blamed it on us for not giving them the details, and maybe they're right. Well, anyhow, they don't know what to do now.

AMERICANISM OFFICER: Well, Mr. Commander, that's up to the Auxiliary. Our work's done. And am I glad.

(Chorus of amens.)

COMMANDER: All right, gentlemen, the matter is finally concluded and this meeting stands adjourned.

SCENE: ADJUTANT'S home.

TIME: The next night.

(TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.)

VOICE: Say, you're the Secretary or whatever it is of this American Legion Post?

ADJUTANT: Yes, sir.

VOICE: Well, I'm the superintendent of the building where you used to have your rooms.

ADJUTANT: Yes.

VOICE: Remember me calling you a week or so ago about getting that piano you left?

ADJUTANT: Sure. We sent a committee down to get it and it was gone.

VOICE: Gone, my eye. It's still right where you left it.

ADJUTANT: (jumping from his chair) What!

VOICE: I saw some fellows I thought belonged to your Post around here one day but they didn't say anything to me and I didn't know what they wanted. They just seemed to be looking around.

ADJUTANT: They were. For the piano.

VOICE: Do they think the thing has wings? They were on the eleventh floor and your rooms were on the tenth.

ADJUTANT: Well, I'll be—

VOICE: What I want to know is when you're going to get it out of here. I got those offices rented for next week and if you don't come and get the piano I'll move it to the basement and charge you moving and storage. Now, get going. Good-bye.

ADJUTANT: (weakly as he hangs up receiver) Now what? (Grabbing the telephone again, he calls the COMMANDER.)

SCENE: Post rooms.

TIME: The next evening.

OCCASION: Another emergency meeting of the Post Executive Committee. The ADJUTANT tells his story.

SMITH: Well, ain't *this* somethin'. Here we been holdin' emergency meetings and coughin' up forty dollars piecemeal to get rid of a pie-anna what ain't worth the price of movin' and we wind up with *two* pie-annas on our hands. And all because this here wild-eyed Publicity Officer of ourn—Mr. Commander, I'm all for the veteran an' I never beat up one yet except fer good an' sufficient cause, but right now (glaring at the PUBLICITY OFFICER) *right now I—*

ADJUTANT: Wait a minute! Maybe he's a poor N.P. case.

COMMANDER: Quiet, quiet! Let him have his say.

PUBLICITY OFFICER: Mr. Commander, they've all got the wrong slant on this thing. This is another great opportunity. (ADJUTANT holds SMITH in his chair.)

PUBLICITY OFFICER: Now we can give away *two* pianos and get that much more publicity.

FINANCE OFFICER: Boy, is this Post overstocked with pianos and publicity.

ADJUTANT: The trouble with pub-

licity people is that to them two white elephants are twice as good as one.

COMMANDER: Well, since we have the thing, we might as well follow the Publicity Officer's suggestion and give away two pianos.

SMITH: O.K., Commander. I'll give away the Post charter if you say so.

(Motion to give away two pianos unanimously but unenthusiastically passed.)

FINANCE OFFICER: Say, I just thought of something. We'll have to have that one hauled and tuned, too. Fifteen more berries, boys.

(Slowly heads are turned and savage eyes fixed upon the PUBLICITY OFFICER. Nervously he sidles toward the door.)

PUBLICITY OFFICER: I—I think I better go get the publicity on this new age started right away.

(Led by SMITH there is a rush toward the PUBLICITY OFFICER, but he has a head start and makes the street door before they reach him.)

SMITH: Mr. Commander, I'm passin' the hat once more. But this is *positively* the last time. If there is any more expense to this here pie-anna business I'm resignin' from this Post, see? I don't know nothin' about music, but the kind which would be most pleasin' to my ears right now would be a regimental band playin' the funeral march for one certain Publicity Officer of this here now Post.

(Result: \$15.00)

(TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.)

COMMANDER: Madam President, we found the old piano and the Executive Committee decided to give that away, too. So will you please have your Unit pick out a second winner?

AUX. PRES.: *(heatedly)* I will *not*! We won't *do* it! The way the Post has handled this thing—why, I've never had such an experience in my *life*. Hundreds and hundreds of letters and telegrams and telephone calls. I haven't been able to do my *house* work. I've missed three bridge parties and two meetings of the Women's Club. I'm a nervous *wreck*. I simply won't go *through* it again—I simply *won't*. You've messed the thing all up, you haven't consulted us at all and all you want the Auxiliary to do is help you out all the time. Why, we've been so consumed with this piano business of *yours* we haven't even had time to decide whom we're going to support for our own Department President next year, or *anything*. It's perfectly ridiculous. You can just pick your own winners.

COMMANDER: O.K., O.K. I'm sorry. Well, we'll try to worry along somehow.

SCENE: *Post rooms.*

TIME: *The next regular meeting of the Post.*

Unfinished Business has been

reached and the COMMANDER has made a report of some kind on the piano situation. Everybody is now enthusiastically happy. The publicity has grown and grown, especially with two pianos in the field. The Post is receiving commendation from all quarters.

COMMANDER: And I have another most pleasing matter to report. One of our most prominent piano teachers was so impressed with what we are doing she called me up and has offered a free scholarship for a year to each of the winners of our pianos. There's some real coöperation.

(Loud applause.)

A MEMBER: Who are the winners?

COMMANDER: They haven't yet been selected. The Auxiliary won't do it. We'll have to find some method ourselves. There is one interesting thing I forgot to tell you. We have applications from a pair of twins.

A MEMBER: And we have twin pianos. Move we give 'em to the twins.

JONES: Sennamotion.

(The motion is carried.)

A MEMBER: This is really a great thing. I move we give away a piano every Christmas to a deserving underprivileged child.

ANOTHER MEMBER: Second the motion.

JONES: *(to the last member)* Say, who do you think you are?

(The motion is carried.)

SMITH: I think the members of this here post have got a right to be proud of this job, when you think what it means to these poor kids what got musical talent and nothin' to pound it out on. I helped start this here project in the Post and worked hard fer it because I seen what a big thing it was. We should be proud of our COMMANDER and of our Executive Committee, even although I am one of which. And—oh, yes, the PUBLICITY OFFICER done a pretty fair job, too.

COMMANDER: I should say he did. Have you something to say?

PUBLICITY OFFICER: Mr. Commander, I got another great idea.

SMITH: *Uh-uh.*

FINANCE OFFICER: Look out! He's off again!

ADJUTANT: Take it easy now—take it easy.

PUBLICITY OFFICER: And that is that every year at Christmas season this Post have a public concert at which each of our winners of pianos will have a chance to play.

(Cheers and applause, as the members of the Executive Committee relax in relief from awful apprehension.)

(And so the Post is known in the city as the Piano Post and the Commander as the Piano Commander.)

THE END.



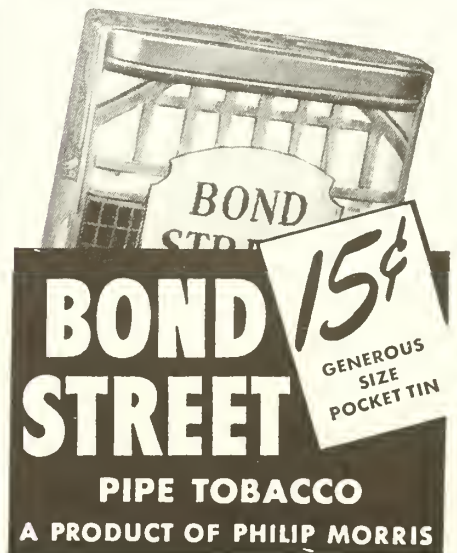
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A *Skiing* THEY WOULD GO

(Continued from page 36)

the snow was six feet deep on the level.

The troop was a veritable Foreign Legion. British and Canadians, some of them from the "Mounties," Teuton and Slav, a leavening modicum of native Americans—but the great majority of Scandinavian birth or ancestry. The roll call was teeming with Andersens, Larsens, Olsons and Johnsons. To these last skis were as familiar as whiskers to a goat. The captain was a tall, red-bearded Viking, New Jersey Swedish, a West Pointer who was also designated by the Department of the Interior as Superintendent of the Park. Not only did every soldier ski—they made 'em. The post carpenter fashioned the wood, the troop saddler shaped raw-hide for foot pieces, the men waxed and steamed the product to their own satisfaction. Uniform was supplemented with Dutch socks, Buffalo coats, fur caps and gauntlets. The average day's run on skis was around twenty miles, depending on the feel of the snow, the terrain and frequent blizzards.

(Continued from page 17)

on the Gulf, at Los Angeles, San Francisco and Tacoma on the West Coast—and from Bath, Maine, around to Seattle it caused old yards to reopen, still others to enlarge. Today there are some 70,000 workers in our private shipyards against 39,000 when Admiral Land went into action. Of the 200 warships recently ordered for our two-ocean Navy, 169 are to be built in private yards—some of them yards which were created, expanded or kept alive by the Commission building.

Our seagoing merchant fleet is today roughly a million tons smaller than in 1937, but it is a faster, younger, more useful fleet. The shrinkage in gross tons represents sales of old ships, many of which had been laid up, to Britain and to nations generally carrying goods to Britain. More than a million and a half tons of merchant shipping are now under construction in our yards. Without this program we should now be desperately attempting to expand shipyards to take care of our own naval and merchant needs. Instead, that expansion is an accomplished fact. We may even be able to undertake to turn out 120 cargo ships for the British. Our shipbuilding facilities are not only increased but also dispersed along our three coasts. This enables them to expand further without the labor shortages that otherwise would be insurmountable; also, in war it provides extra repair facilities which might save moving a damaged

South of the Park, under the shadow of the Tetons was a settlement named Jackson's Hole. It was then a sort of refuge for law violators—cattle thieves, poachers, and so on—remember Tracy the outlaw of the early 1900's. North was the small mining town of Cook City. On the west were a few Mormon settlements. All these places contained folks who lightly considered the government regulations against poaching. A buffalo robe brought \$200, a head \$150. Elk teeth were in great demand.

There was a character named "Red" Van Dyke, who used to write postcards to him, in red ink, daring him or his "blue-bellied sojers" ever to capture him. We operated from Jackson's Hole. So Sergeant Olson with Privates Larsen and Swanson issued from their snug log substation, made camp on the side of a hill south of Yellowstone Lake, and watched and waited. The sergeant scanned the country with his binoculars closely. A morning came when a shot rang out, then others. The patrol, hidden behind a clump of dwarf pine, ad-

justed their skis. It was fully half an hour before the hunter ventured into the open of a small meadow, where a darkened blur indicated a fallen buffalo. He proceeded carefully to the kill, then started the process of skinning. It was "Red" Van Dyke, all right. Silently the patrol whisked downhill, slick skis racing over the firm snow. As the patrol braked around him in a swirl of snow, Red had no chance at all. The sergeant had his pistol digging into his ribs—he was caught red-handed. For four days and nights the party traveled with their prisoner. Scooping holes in the snow for shelter, melting it for water for coffee, frying fat bacon in mess kit, and gouging at the hard tack. All had their faces blackened to prevent snow blindness. Red got three years in jail at Laramie.

During the entire winter, allotted patrols set forth daily from each subpost, with trips from the fort occasionally to relieve details, to carry mail, and often to bring back the sick and injured. All this duty on skis—parties of three dragging a small sled.

The captain took much pride in his troop, exerted himself to procure replacements from Minnesota, favoring, of course, the Andersons, Larsens and Olsons. Oh, yes, the Army knew about skiing in those days too.

WE'RE GETTING *those Ships*

ship thousands of extra miles.

The *Sea Arrow*, launched at San Francisco last fall, was the first large seagoing freighter to come out of a West Coast yard in 16 years. The Gulf shipyards are now more extensively developed than even during the World War speedup. The new ships are the last word in design. Invaluable competition between Diesels and steam propulsion has been spurred. Welding has been carried much further than in other countries, which might be decisive if the time should come when as in the past war we had to build a "bridge of ships"—for welders can be trained more quickly than ship riveters. Also, the Commission has accomplished wonders in standardizing ship design. "All we have to do is order out a carbon copy of our contract form—and in a week's time another ship will start to grow on the ways," say the Commissioners.

Incidentally, these ships are the safest merchant ships in the world. The Commission has compelled builders to come up to standards formulated after exhaustive studies and tests. In something like two years, eight ship fires—including the

Morro Castle and *Mohawk* disasters—cost scores of lives and some \$22,500,000 worth of shipping. The Senate ordered an investigation. Headed by George G. Sharp, the great naval architect, technical experts started fires day after day aboard the old *Nantasket*, a freighter anchored in the James River. They built staterooms on her and systematically set them afire. Everything was real, down to sheets and blankets on the bed and clothes in suitcases and trunks. Some fires were started with cigarettes. All were allowed to reach their peak before being put out—then observers would rush in to note the condition of every square foot of the interior. The progress of the flames was carefully clocked. Observers, their heads in wet towels, lay on decks close to the fire to sniff for fumes.

Hundreds of wall panels and floor materials were tested, and even the screws holding asbestos compositions to the walls. As a result of knowledge thus gained, the new ships are safe from fires even if personnel or mechanical devices fail. Each cabin is a self-contained unit; everything in it can burn to cinders without the fire spreading. Holds of cargo

ships are safeguarded by ingenious fire-detecting devices and automatic extinguishing equipment. No foreign vessels have such good fire-proofing. No other ships have developed so far the principle of compartmenting hulls to make them harder to sink. All this is important to passengers—or troops—and to cargoes as well.

The Commission is providing our merchant marine with trained men. In 1938 it began training officers, cadets, seamen and green apprentices in a far-flung system including training stations, training ships and training courses on commercial vessels. Already 5000 men, including some officers at sea for 15 years and at least one seaman in his seventies, have been schooled in precision rather than rule-of-thumb seamanship. Crews for both naval and anti-aircraft guns have been trained so as to lighten the load war would place on navy personnel. Last summer an F.B.I. investigation revealed that a high percentage of radio operators on our merchant ships were communists—or something. The Navy woke up and immediately the Maritime Commission began training picked men for these key jobs; by March 250 full-fledged operators will be graduated—men free of questionable allegiances.

Seamen trained in signalling at the Commission's Hoffman Island station have already proved their worth. Before France fell, an American merchantman met a French destroyer which wigwagged a signal to heave to. That was what the Hoffman Island quartermaster said the signal meant but the mate didn't agree. The destroyer then ran up a four-flag hoist spelling S T O P which also meant nothing to the mate. While he was fumbling with his code-book and ignoring the quartermaster's plea to stop, a shell from the destroyer came whistling across his bow.

Another merchantman carrying aviation gas to the British navy was coming into Freetown, British West Africa. From a British navy lookout tower a semaphore was started but the merchantman's captain and first mate ignored it. The seaman at the wheel—he had been trained at Hoffman Island—said "He's sending that to us, sir." He took the signal. It read: "You are in the middle of mine field. Stop engines. Do not anchor, you may hit mine. Keep your rudder amidships. Will send guide."

The Navy early in this war found American merchantmen were missing navy signals and asked the Commission to give special courses to junior officers. Including cadets, 200 have enrolled and already some 400 have certificates. It was Cadet William F. O'Reilly who last June 11 manned the blinkers when the *Washington* was stopped before dawn by a German submarine. "American ship . . . American ship . . . *Washington* American *Washington* *Washington* American"—

The Navy has drawn many dividends

from the maritime program. The first was tankers to keep fighting ships from being tied to oil tanks on land. Wanting tankers with enough speed to keep up with the fleet, the Navy did not have the funds. The oil companies had funds but did not need the extra speed—12 knots was enough for them. The Maritime Commission made a deal whereby Standard Oil ordered 12 high-speed tankers with the commission paying the cost of the extra speed—half to three-quarters of a million dollars per tanker. When these tankers were delivered they made 18, sometimes 19, knots loaded—the fastest, biggest tankers ever built. By the time they were coming into operation the Navy had funds; all it had to do was write checks for the tankers whereas without the program the Navy would now be trying to build in overcrowded shipyards. The Navy has actually requisitioned all 12 tankers, which have a combined cargo capacity of 1,740,000 barrels of oil—enough for our 12 battleships, six aircraft carriers, 18 heavy cruisers all to cruise on for some 25,000 miles.

Eleven more tankers are being built with extra speed financed by the Commission. But that is not all. Oil companies found that on some runs the extra speed spelled economy and several have now raised their tanker speeds almost up

to navy levels. For example, the Texas Company has laid down six with high speed without asking the Maritime Commission for a dime. One of these, the *Ohio*, recently covered the 1882-mile Texas-Jersey run in 4½ days, averaging more than 17 knots.

All ships built or subsidized by the Commission are designed with navy needs in mind. Speed comes first. The Navy doesn't want the battle fleet to have to slow down so the train can keep up. The first cargo vessel launched under the program was the *Donald McKay*—incidentally, the first dry cargo vessel, as distinct from tankers and combination cargo and passenger ships, built in the United States in 18 years. She immediately made a record run from New York to Buenos Aires. Another cargo ship, the *Challenge*, left New York on the India run about a month after a freighter built at Hog Island during the World War. After calling on precisely the same ports, and picking up 1000 tons more cargo, the *Challenge* came back into New York harbor within 15 minutes of the Hog Islander. And the *Challenge* had used less oil!

In addition to saving wages, food bills and so on, extra speed prevents bad weather at sea from upsetting shipping

(Continued on page 54)

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WE'RE GETTING *those Ships*

(Continued from page 53)

timetables. Good designing prevents the speed from requiring too much extra oil. Several Commission ships have set world's records for economy of operation. Efficiency such as that of the *Challenge*—now taken over by the Navy—means savings to operators of about \$35,000 a year, which over the 20-year economic life of a ship amounts to one-third of its construction costs. The American Export Line reveals that in comparison with its old ships its Commission-financed freighters carry 2000 tons more cargo at 70 percent higher speed at a cost of only 10 percent more oil. Formerly freighters calling at Boston took 24 hours for the run up from New York; now they can leave New York at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and be loading at Boston at 8 o'clock the next morning—in effect a day saved. The *Exporter* covered the 144 miles from the Virginia Capes to Baltimore at an average speed of 19.99 knots.

(Continued from page 19)

gamut of fire on the sea and ashore in an English port. As he climbed up on the pier a fellow with the World War ribbon, capless, blouse torn, bandaged arm, eyes sunk in mud-splashed face, clothes still soggy from the salt water he had struggled through up to his neck—well, he said “Come on, we’ll show ‘em we’re soldiers yet”—and he marched them in columns of fours along the quay to the train.

Now let's look back before the disaster in France and Flanders. Before the war began the British were already rimming London and other cities and munition plants with anti-aircraft guns and balloon barrages. Both were manned by young men.

It was all right to send only young men to the trenches and to bear sixty pounds on the march and endure sleeping on wet ground night after night in open battle. But veterans were irritated that young men alone were fit to man stationary anti-aircraft guns or to raise and lower moored sausage balloons.

“I was in the artillery in the World War,” one veteran said. “I’ve looked these anti-aircraft guns over. There are some new wrinkles, but nothing we old hands at the guns cannot learn. But we were told our hearing might not be good enough to use the sound detectors. Hearing? Go to the other end of the room and whisper, and see if I don’t hear you. Eyesight was another excuse. Try that out and see if mine isn’t all right.”

But the young men who were under no

Other defense features are built into these ships. As on naval vessels, generators, pumps and so on are all in duplicate. Fire-proofing, fire-detecting, compartmentation and communication systems are all carried further than commercially necessary. Walk around the decks of the *America*, largest passenger liner ever built in an American yard, and here and there you'll find gear ready for the addition of paravanes for mine cutting. She can be converted into a troopship in half the time other liners might take. The cargo ships have extra large hatches, and booms which can lift 30 tons—important for handling artillery, tanks and other military equipment, particularly if they had to be landed at undeveloped ports. Some of the ships have extra refrigerated space so they can carry food when they operate as troop transports. All cargo-handling gear is electrically operated with the result that the Commission ships possess an unplanned defense feature—defense against the

Gauss magnetic mine developed by the Germans. This mine was an unknown when the ships were designed but it turned out that the antidote is to neutralize the magnetic pull of the ship that otherwise would explode the mine. Ships to be “de-Gaussed” are wired so that their generators can charge the great hull while the ship navigates mined waters. This requires tremendous electrical generating capacity—precisely what these ships have.

Speed in converting to naval auxiliaries means much. For instance, the de-Gaussing of the *Shooting Star*, requisitioned by the Navy, is taking only a week whereas with old ships needing extra generating capacity it would take two to three months. The *America's* paravane equipment means that paravanes can be installed in a week rather than 45 days. Less than a month was required to convert the tanker *Esso Richmond*—a week would have been enough had the guns been on hand instead of on order. The *Shooting Star* is being turned into an ammunition ship in 61 days—in contrast to eight months required to convert the old *President Grant*. Out of better ships, speedier conversions, we are getting a better merchant marine—which means getting more sea power and in the crisis may mean getting there first with the most men.

GET READY ... SET ...

physical strain in commuting back and forth from home or camp to their posts were still kept at the anti-aircraft guns and balloons until Winston Churchill took a hand. If veterans had been in their places the younger men could have been fighting in France.

Then, when Britain faced invasion, and she called for volunteers for home defense against parachutists behind the army lines and tanks that might get through the army lines, the veterans had their chance. Trained soldier sense and experience gave them the lead in organization. Veterans older than forty-seven could put an armor piercing bullet into a tank or wing a parachutist with a rifle shot. For they knew how to shoot. They had seen too much war to get buck fever at the sight of an enemy.

SO WE have these lessons to guide us. This much we can learn from the latest foreign experience. And we know how General Pershing applied all the lessons he learned from the British and French in their two years of war and Americanized them for our use. In just about the same way Admiral William S. Sims, who had our naval command abroad, applied the naval lessons, and thus beat the U-boat.

That is the example in making ready on our big program which our Army and

Navy experts are following, without paying the price we paid in 1917 and 1918. Our war service and our service since the war entitles us to a bow on that. I hope no Legionnaire has forgotten what we have already done for preparedness.

It has been my proud delight to enlighten some of those who were ignorant on the subject. From the first we have called for preparedness. Now we have a reward for our campaign in selective draft service as the only fair way and limitations on war profiteering.

Long before people were stirred by the Fifth-Column danger, the Legion under pacifist pinpricking and knifing—that “terrible, bloodthirsty Legion”—kept right on with its peace war on subversive alien activities, and its Americanization program. Throughout the country Legion Posts are quietly, skilfully, effectively co-operating with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. We are the Sixth Column throttling at birth prospective Fifth Columns.

What further can the Legion do? I saw actual evidence in being at the Eastern army maneuvers around Ogdensburg this recent August. The Legion organized the local residents in an “alert” system for spotting enemy planes in prompt communication to headquarters.

Much was learned in a tryout of a most vital factor in home defense and main

line defense, too. Identifying an enemy plane, not mistaking it for one of our own, takes an eye familiar with both types if war comes.

And the sooner an enemy plane is sighted the sooner the fighters will be up in pursuit and the anti-aircraft guns begin firing.

First we must get the two-ocean Navy and the making of enough planes and arms under way and the draft law in operation. Then the chosen youth under it on the way to camp with the National Guardsmen. At last, in fulfilling the policy the Legion has championed, we are to make an army ready for war before we

are in a war. Youth will not have to go through the rushed, intensive training of our camps in 1917-'18. There can be thoroughness without such driving haste to get over there in time to save the Allied cause. It is America we have to save in the present world crisis.

Youth, as it is put in the harness of discipline, will have its "grouches." Beyond anything we may do as an organization is the individual counsel and fellowship out of experience and "savvy." And that goes, too, for the women of the Auxiliary who know soldiers and best understand welfare work in real comradeship.

IF THE Bombers should come

(Continued from page 7)

toward further action—that an early step in air raid preparedness, in respect to all-important civilian coöperation, came to hinge on Legion Posts. This successful demonstration of the proverb, "Forewarned is forearmed," took place in North Carolina in October, 1938.

Brigadier General William Bryden, commanding Fort Bragg, North Carolina, required a civilian warning net as an essential feature of Anti-Aircraft-Air Corps exercises scheduled for that month. He needed an agency able to reach every corner of the State. First he planned to call upon Reserve Officers, then upon town officials, but large areas of North Carolina lacked either or both. "The one organization," wrote Robert Ginsburgh in an article in this magazine, "that seemed to meet his requirements of devotion to national defense, decentralized administration, and state-wide coverage was The American Legion."

Posts all over the State responded enthusiastically. Two thousand patriotic men, women, and children, mostly Legionnaires and their families, volunteered to serve as a warning network eight hours a day without pay. Three hundred and seven observation stations, 240 of them entirely civilian, were established, given books of plane silhouettes to identify raiders and instructed how to report by telephone or radio. When the "enemy" air fleet flew into the State at 4 A.M. one day, the first warning was phoned into headquarters at 4.05. Continued reports, prompt and accurate, enabled the Army to trace the flight of the "invaders" and determine their speed and probable destination. The highly efficient functioning on that occasion of the first essential in air raid defense—warning of the approach of hostile planes—indicates how valuable

a nation-wide network organized along similar lines would be.

Urged by the swift march of events abroad, Americans have recently increased the tempo of preparations against air raids. Last fall Army Air Corps officers flew over to observe the British defenses. They were followed by a delegation of New York City firemen sent to study the fighting of wartime fires in London. The Kansas City Art Institute has begun instruction in the camouflage of factories and flying fields against air attack. Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, is teaching bomb shelter building in its architecture course. Among the activities of the American Women's Voluntary Services is the distribution of a film showing the war work of the 650,000 English women who have been mobilized, many of them serving in A.R.P. units. A tentative plan for civilian defense in the event of air attack has been developed in the War Department to operate through States and municipalities.

But it is obvious that the War and Navy Departments, bending all their energies to the stupendous task of rearmament and training, can spare little time for the organization and education of civilian defense; that they cannot go beyond preliminary planning. While it is fully realized that modern warfare is waged equally against soldiers and civilians and that the military would be hamstrung if national morale were shattered by air raids, the necessary defense measures must be left—and can be left as they have been in Britain—to volunteer civilian organizations.

Ideally suited for that purpose are two national organizations: The American Legion and the American Red Cross.

(Continued on page 56)

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When kidneys are continually overburdened they often become weak—the bladder is irritated—often passage is scanty and smarting and burns—sleep is restless and nightly visits to the bathroom are frequent.

A safe, harmless and inexpensive way to relieve this trouble and help restore more healthy action to kidneys and bladder is to get from any druggist a 35 cent box of **GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules** and take as directed.

Don't be an EASY MARK and accept a substitute—Get **Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules**—the original—and genuine. Look for the Gold Medal on the box—35 cents.

Remember—other symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble may be backache, puffy eyes, nervousness and leg cramps.

IF THE Bombers should come

(Continued from page 55)

Time and again these two have worked together in fighting disasters. In the Middle West tornado of 1927, the Florida hurricane, the Mississippi floods, and on many other occasions, the disaster relief men of the Red Cross and the local chapters have combined with local Posts of the Legion to meet desperate situations. Experience in combatting the ravages of storms, floods and explosions would be most useful in coping with the similar devastation of a large-scale air raid.

Most Legionnaires are beyond draft age but anxious to do their bit again in some way in the emergency confronting their country. In an air raid defense service, as in the Home Guard, an opportunity exists. The Legion offers a great reservoir of disciplined, still vigorous manpower. Its Posts are strategically located throughout the United States. Its membership of 1,075,000 is augmented by the Legion Auxiliary and the Sons of the Legion, equally anxious to play a patriotic part—to acknowledge that "individual obligation to the community, State, and Nation" which the Preamble to the Legion's Constitution enjoins.

If we're taking it on, it's time we were up and at it. The British had four years. Ours is a vaster and more complicated task.

Those key men, the air wardens, some of whose duties were sketched in the anecdote beginning this article, must meet stiff requirements. The British blueprint for them calls for "persons of courage and personality, with a sound knowledge of the locality, to advise and help their neighbors, and generally to serve as a link between the public and the authorities." They should, it is specified, be men or women, generally over 30, of good character, level-headed and free from obvious physical or temperamental disabilities. They must live near their posts, and there must be one to a block, with assistants if in congested areas. They may not be in actual military service or in the Reserve, or members of the police or fire departments, who have plenty of work of their own in air raids.

General orders for a British air warden are much like ours for interior guard duty. In giving wardens their intensive training, the British lightened it up a bit at times with the ingenious scheme of organizing treasure hunts whose clues required the wardens to find their way around their sections by

night or day, to know where cover existed and so on. The veteran's wartime ability to move surely in pitch-black darkness when it was death to show a light was revived. And training extending down through the units emphasized that ability to command which enables a rear-rank private to step out and take over when his leader is a casualty. On the efficiency of the wardens depends the morale of a raided town or city. People who see the right thing being done in the right place do not give way to panic.

It's considerable of a detail, an air wardenship. But who will deny that



there are many Legionnaires who have what it takes?

Then there's evacuation—the business of removing children, the aged and infirm from threatened or ruined areas. There the Legion could count on its experience in floods and storms. For air warning service, there is the precedent of the Legion's fine record in the North Carolina plane-spotting maneuvers. The "alerting" of a town calls for good judgment. Unnecessary loss of sleep must be avoided. If possible the warning must state whether the attack is with high explosive or gas. Know your war gases, advise the British, who furnish a complete and informative table for the identification of all types. A gas attack would call on nurses, orderlies, and other women and men workers for the hazardous removal of gas-contaminated clothing from victims and its laundering. They've been drilled in that, too.

Shelters from bombs and their blast, from machine gun bullets and anti-aircraft shell fragments, are of course of first importance. While the British have not yet found an entirely adequate answer to that problem, they have made progress from the trench-in-the-garden days and the haphazard use of subway stations. The big community refuges are supplemented by thousands of home-made home shelters. As never before, an Englishman's home is his castle. Often some of the windows will be bricked or boarded up and barricaded with full bookcases (the heavier and duller the books the better; interesting books are kept out for use as distractions during a raid.) Also, windows are shuttered when possible and covered inside with a wire mesh to stop flying glass.

If the shelter is in the cellar or a dugout in the yard, it is provided these winter days with a stove, cots and blankets, candles, a radio, games, a chemical toilet; in fact, the shelter equipment is figured right down to safety pins for bandages in the first aid kit. Nor do they fail to take the atmosphere in the shelter into account. Avoid extra exertion, runs the warning, and don't use up the oxygen in the air.

In a good home shelter, you're reasonably safe, the British say. "Houses," they state reassuringly, "do not collapse unless a bomb falls on them or very close to them, and the chances of your house being the unlucky one are very small." The manuals usually include this hardly disinterested urging to home owner to display hospitality: "During a bombing, invite in the passersby. You may be a passerby in the next raid."

The threat of fires set by bombs has forced the introduction into many a British home of fire-prevention methods and fire-fighting equipment that might well always have been present there. Since incendiary bombs are designed to penetrate roofs, attics have seen a house-cleaning of anything that might catch fire, from packets of letters to old clothes. A large bomber can carry a thousand 2¼-pound incendiary bombs; if only fifteen percent of them hit buildings in a thickly built-up section, seventy-five fires could be started. To reinforce the regular firemen, who usually have their hands full, A.R.P. units are trained as volunteer firemen—an old but disused tradition in the United States, by the way.

These volunteers have learned and have taught many other civilians such handy skills as the following: How to drop from a second story window without injury; how, if your clothing is on fire, you must clap your hands over your mouth, lie down and roll; how to drag an unconscious person out of a burning, smoke-filled room—you lay him on his back, tie his hands together, loop them over your head as you straddle

him on all fours and crawl out dragging him.

Constant training in extinguishing incendiary bombs is conducted. Waste paper, formerly used to simulate a blazing bomb, now is needed for the manufacture of war material, so old straw, shavings, and sawmill chips are used.

For Americans a widespread knowledge of fire prevention and fire-fighting would be highly useful, air attack or no air attack. The same applies to first aid. The Red Cross trains thousands in it every year. Of that handy skill Legionnaires possess either a smattering or a good deal of first-hand experience. It goes without saying that the ability to give first aid has had to become second nature for embattled British civilians. Men, women and children have familiarized themselves with artificial respiration, how to stop hemorrhages, how to use an umbrella for a leg splint. Plans are available for the conversion of Turkish baths and dance halls into first aid posts. Nowadays when a building is to be erected in the British Isles, be it even a golf locker house, it is designed whenever possible for adaptation into a hospital or first aid station.

Care of the homeless after a destructive air raid is being increasingly well organized in Britain. Here are a few items: There are of course blackout regulations to enforce—and maybe that wouldn't be a job in New York City or Chicago, for instance! Volunteers are available to aid the field crews of public utilities. When people are trapped in a bomb-smashed home shelter, air wardens must be able to shut off the gas, electricity, and water without delay. Then there's the vast quantity of equipment—helmets, gas masks, fire extinguishers, and so on—to be planned for and supplied. You may have saved your tin hat as a souvenir, soldier, but the one the Tommy of 1918 saved didn't go 'round the family.

Two battery commanders of the 76th Field Artillery, Third Division, found themselves on adjacent cots in the hospital at Nantes, France, in July, 1918. Before they recovered from the German hardware they had stopped on the Marne they got to know each other well.

They had another reunion last October. Legionnaire Joseph Walker presented his congratulations to Legionnaire Milo J. Warner, newly-elected National Commander. He also presented an idea. It appealed so strongly to his old comrade-in-arms that a full report on it was asked.

Legionnaire Walker, D.S.C., doubled up on his law practice to do considerable investigation, travel, and paperwork in line of duty. The resultant report on the organization of an Air Raid Precautions service in the United States and the important part it might play in The American Legion's general defense plans was submitted to the National Commander and through him to the Americanism Commission, which was authorized by the National Executive Committee to include this set-up in its disaster-relief program.

The forehanded do's and don't's the British have set down in the A.R.P. manuals range from the care of animals to "Don't phone your friends after a raid to see how they are. The lines will be clogged with emergency calls."

The former is a big assignment in itself. Sandbag your stables, the British advise. If you're driving through the street when the bombers come over, tie up your horse; a runaway would make the confusion worse. If you have pet birds, make their cages gas-proof; they are especially susceptible to gas. It's hard counsel, but if you live in a much-bombed area, either evacuate your pets or destroy them. Air wardens must register all animals in their territory, and all animals must wear identity discs in case they are lost in a blackout—the "dog tags" of World War days are back again and this time they are actually just that. The British have first aid posts and mobile units for animals.

Such are some of the many skilled duties performed, often at the risk or cost of lives, by the great organization for civil defense, built by the British principally upon unpaid voluntary service.

"In this war," declared John Anderson head of Britain's Ministry for Home Security, "every man and woman is in the front lines. A soldier at the front who neglects the proper protection of his trench does more than endanger his own life; he weakens a portion of his country's defenses and betrays the trust which has been placed in him. You, too, will have betrayed your trust if you neglect to take the steps which it is your responsibility to take for the protection of yourself and your family.

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A SENSE OF INDIVIDUAL OBLIGATION

(Continued from page 3)

skating rinks, organized sandlot baseball, athletic tournaments, public libraries, recreational buildings, summer camps, boys' clubs, Boy and Girl Scout troops, bands and orchestras, prankless Hallowe'en nights, egg-rollings at Easter, picnics and holiday celebrations, the heart throb of a drab Christmas turned to the joy of gifts, clothing and luscious edibles, and you have a partial record of The American Legion's direct efforts for betterment spread before you.

In furtherance of their readiness to serve in peace as in war, the Legionnaires have become the militant enemies of destruction. When disaster hits, as it has done so frequently and devastatingly in various parts of the country, it is the Legion that slips back instantly into rigid discipline and invades the shambled region with all the heroism of the soldier, to save lives and property, to provide food and shelter, to hold the line until organized relief forces can reach the scene and take over. It is the Legion that

fights with all its vigor the motorized destruction of life and limb on the nation's streets and highways. It is the Legion that helps to nip crime, the destroyer, at its inception by combating juvenile delinquency, and by promoting laws and enforcement methods that stop the gangsters from swarming over our States. The Legion's stone wall of opposition greets those who would destroy our natural resources. The insidious enemy, disease, finds no quarter with the Legion; witness the hospitals its Posts have built, the ambulances and first-aid facilities it has provided, the iron lungs and resuscitators it has bought, the health clinics it has conducted, the free milk it has given the undernourished, and the medical care it has demanded so its own members may continue to be breadwinners.

The Legion's entire program in community effort is built upon a nobler character of our citizenry, by precept, example and accomplishments. In this push-button, mechanized age where leisure

brings superficiality and the threat of moral decline, organized movements have been fostered to avoid disintegration of our system of democracy. Where the Legion has not itself initiated such movements, it has been a staunch friend and helper in every welfare, character and health-building effort. It has stood uncompromisingly for good government, starting at the fountain-head of the ballot. Legion campaigns have effectively stemmed the shocking indifference to the privilege of voting. Education has been defended at every turn, and be it said to the glory of individual Posts, they kept many a schoolhouse door open when economic poverty would have closed them. Likewise the Legion has tackled many other national problems, notably unemployment, with good results.

On and on could go the list of glowing achievements that bespeak community leadership. If it is a matter of atonement, the soldier of 1917 and 1918 has been washed clean of the scourge of war. Build we must! Destroy, we shall not!

(Continued from page 31)

August 31, 1917, and served for a time at Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas. Soldier Palmer was doing well and the going was good until his sister, who visited him at the Waco camp, unwittingly revealed to the captain that Carl would soon celebrate his thirteenth birthday. Result: Prompt discharge and a trip back to his Michigan home. He tried later to enlist in the Navy, and was given a six-weeks' training course at Great Lakes Naval Station, but was too young to be enlisted. Then he tried to get overseas to enlist in the French army, but was again blocked by lack of proper age. He had size and weight—one hundred and sixty pounds of it—but lacked years. Now, he has years and Uncle Sam is calling again. Long a resident of Detroit, his Legion membership is lodged in Red Arrow Post in that city.

Another youthful member of the flock, and one who actually had service in the A. E. F., is an old acquaintance of the readers of *Keeping Step*—Frank R. Sauliere (see *The American Legion Monthly*, September, 1930, page 29), late of Headquarters Company, 18th U. S. Engineers (Railway), now of Miami, Florida. Sauliere was born of French parents at San Jose, California, on January 24, 1905, and was seven months and nine days past his twelfth birthday when he enlisted at Bordeaux, France, on September 3, 1917. His presence in France is accounted for by the fact that he accompanied his father, who had returned to his homeland to take his place in the French army.

After nearly two years in the A. E. F. as the buck private interpreter of the

18th Engineers, he returned to America to take up the normal life of an American boy. Finishing high school, he worked his way through Stanford University, then entered Harvard Law School, but after a year switched to newspaper work and, after nine years on the Boston *Herald-Traveler* changed to the *Miami Daily News*, Miami, Florida, in the fall of 1939, which paper he still serves as a reporter.

Sauliere, as an honorably discharged soldier, became a member of San Jose (California) Post in late 1919 and, with the exception of one year when in Stanford University he transferred his membership to Fremont Park, Palo Alto, has held his membership there through all the years. San Jose is home town to him, though circumstances have placed him elsewhere.

The Boston *Record* reports that Grant MacInnes of Revere, Massachusetts, born December 29, 1904, served overseas in the Marine Corps and was wounded in service. No complete report of his service has been received, and the same is true of George Spack of Lansford, Pennsylvania, who, according to press reports, registered for the draft at the age of thirty-five. Another World War veteran, now an American citizen, who registered for the 1940 draft is Richard E. Burney

of Cleveland, Ohio, who as an Irish lad of fourteen, enlisted in the Irish Royal Fusiliers in 1918, served overseas and was wounded in battle. He came to the United States in 1923, became a citizen in 1928, and a registrant for the draft in 1940 when but two months short of his thirty-sixth birthday.

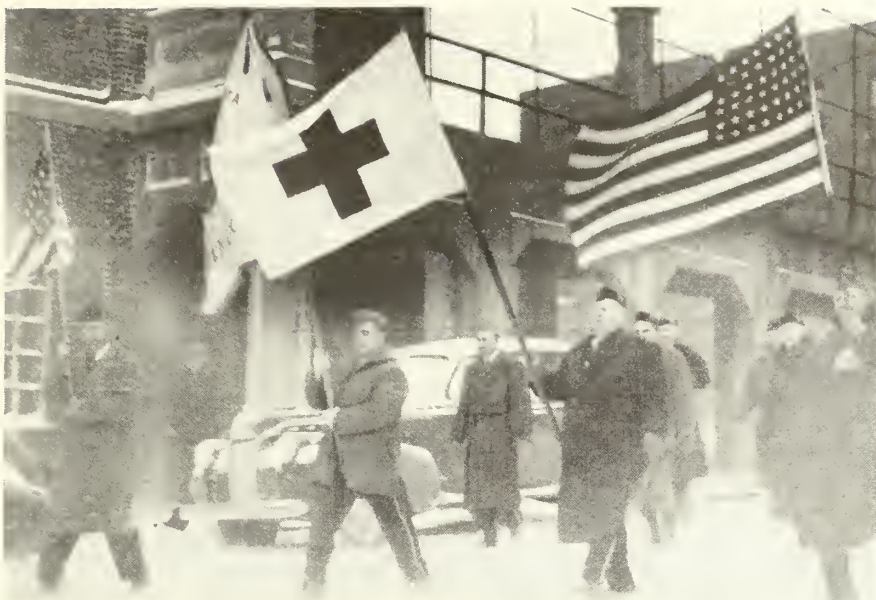
In the December issue we told you about Adrum E. Oppenheimer, of Portsmouth, Ohio, ex-Gyrene Legionnaire who was a 1940 draft registrant.

Fargo Had a Parade

DESPITE the severe snowstorm that swept the northwest on Armistice Day, Legionnaires staged the annual Armistice parade at Fargo, North Dakota, thus keeping the parade record intact. When it was seen that the storm would prevent the planned parade Dave Brann, Commander of Grafton Post, collected seven Legionnaires and started the march, bearing the National, Legion and Red Cross flags. As the wind-swept procession moved down the slippery, snow covered pavement on the parade route six other Legionnaires joined them. Fargo had its parade, with few marchers and none to cheer from the sidelines.

The 1940 parade reminded the *Fargo Forum* of the "one man" parade staged by W. P. Christensen, then Commander

-WORKING ON THE Railroad



The show must go on! Despite a raging blizzard Legionnaires of Fargo, North Dakota, staged the annual Armistice Day parade—few in number but strong in spirit

of Brann Post, when he was faced by a similar situation in 1933. Commander Christensen was determined that the parade should go on and he floundered through snow nearly four feet deep on the same route the 1940 marchers followed. Apparently his only "spectator" was a barber who came out of a Broadway shop and wanted to know:

"Is there going to be a parade?"

Christensen marched on, face set to the front, but shouted back: "This is it. Don't disturb me!"

Fargo Legionnaires have a clear Armistice Day parade record and the spirit shown will certainly maintain it.

St. Louis Softball

W. J. MUELLER, Secretary-Treasurer of the St. Louis (Missouri) Softball League, announces that St. Louis Fire Department Post, under the leadership of Comrades Tom Donovan and Garry Byrne put on a "garrison finish" to capture the city championship, wresting the title from the several times winning Navy Post.

Confession of Faith

ALONG last July the Americanization Committee of Advertising Men's Post, of Chicago, drafted a clear and concise confession of faith which they called a "Statement of Principles." Published in *The Adposter*, the statement became the property of the Legion of Illinois and so well was it received that it was read into the report of the Department Americanism Committee at the Danville Convention. Not in the exact language, but in principle and in spirit Adpost's statement was written into the national Americanism program at the Boston Convention in September.

Going to Town

"NOW here is a Post that is really going to town, although its membership does not rank among the highest," writes Comrade C. W. Parks of North Side Post, Spokane, Washington. "In the five years of our work we have not only gone over our quota on time but have had it raised on us each year. We purchased an old church and remodeled it. Now we have a real home of our own free of debt. Besides keeping all committees busy, our Commanders have seen to it that some new community service is completed each year. One project called for leveling off one half of a square block for a play ground, a job that required the labor of eight men for four days, working from nine to twelve hours each day. Our Post has taken sponsorship of a Cub Pack of the Boy Scouts for its new activity this year."

The Blue Helmets

"THE forty-piece all-colored Drum and Bugle Corps from Baltimore gave Boston one of its thrills at the National Convention, and it got plenty of newspaper space," writes a Boston correspondent. And that corps, gentle reader, was the well known Blue Helmet outfit composed of members of Federal Post of the Maryland metropolis, just one of the nearly five hundred musical outfits that kept Boston entertained during the whole five days of the Convention. The Blue Helmets serenaded Mayor Tobin at City Hall, led by Edward V. Clark, Commander, and William M. Brady, Jr., Drum Major, then, as a major achievement, broadcast a drum and bugle program from the Parker House.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT October 31, 1940

Assets

Cash on Hand and on deposit	\$ 508,237.74
Notes and accounts receivable	146,222.32
Inventories	95,966.49
Invested funds	2,235,025.17
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	206,819.54
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	121,097.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	35,897.79
Deferred charges	35,779.49
	\$3,385,046.18

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 108,580.45
Funds restricted as to use	38,084.87
Deferred revenue	354,263.33
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	206,819.54
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$2,164,463.96
Unrestricted capital	512,834.03
	2,677,297.99
	\$3,385,046.18

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

A CHANCE TO Go Straight

(Continued from page 22)

bore out these tests, John would remain in custody where he could do no harm to the public, if it meant holding him for the remainder of his natural life.

Thus they could be sure that he would not continue to prey upon his neighbors, and more important, that no younger John would fall under his dangerous influence.

THE Youth-Crime Committee believes that honest, intelligent judges, on the whole, will welcome this solution. It will detract not a bit from their judicial responsibilities, rights or dignity, will merely place in expert hands the non-judicial aspects of each case against a young offender. However, reform schools will cease to return un-reformed young men and women to society, and the vicious circle, in which a large proportion of novices learn about crime from newly-released young

jailbirds, will be broken. Broken also will be the present slipshod method under which 28 percent of all first offenders become second offenders.

Being thoughtful men, the Law Institute committeemen realized that there probably were errors in their model law, so they made several thousand copies of it and sent them to judges, lawyers, educators and representative citizens in many walks of life, asking for criticism. When these criticisms came in . . . and hundreds did . . . they weighed each one, and incorporated the practical suggestions in the new proposed code.

By the first days of 1941 they will have under way a nationwide campaign urging each of the 48 States to adopt the law in some form. The first State to do so, they contend, will be leading America toward greater public safety, and American youth toward a happier and more useful life.

WHOA, THERE! Sick Call!

(Continued from page 35)

the major activity centers around the Adriatic and Ionian Seas because of the attempted invasion of Greece by the Italians. Except for the ex-gobs who served in those waters, perhaps Corfu and Spalato may not have a reminiscent ring—but those places were known to men who served with our Adriatic Fleet.

The Island of Corfu was the site of U. S. Naval Base No. 25, from which operated chasers that effectively threw a barrage across the Adriatic from Brindisi on the Italian coast to Albania. And it was at Spalato that American crews took over the Austrian battleships, K. U. K. *Radetzky* and K. U. K. *Zrinyi*. The "K. U. K.," incidentally, is an abbreviation of the German phrase meaning "Imperial and Royal."

We're glad, therefore, that we held for a year and can show on page 35 a picture that was sent to us by Richie Sierer, Past Vice Commander of Far Rockaway (New York) Post of the Legion, who lives at 1708 New Haven Avenue in that seaside city. Even though Richie was a leatherneck and not a gob, besides teaching classes he is coach of the swimming team of Far Rockaway High School, a team which has hung up all sorts of records, including wins over the Yale freshmen and the West Point plebes. The picture of a bunch of gobs, with a sprinkling of

gyrenes—not to overlook the police dog mascot—came with this yarn:

"The picture I am sending you shows the American crew aboard the ex-Austrian battleship *Zrinyi* which was lying in a small bay around from Spalato, Dalmatia, shortly after the ship was taken over by our Navy in 1918.

"There were six officers, eleven chief petty officers, twenty-four sailors, three marines, and one real German police dog aboard the ship. I cannot remember the names of any of the men except the lone marine second from the left of the group. We used to call him 'Tex' as he hailed from Texas and I'm pretty sure his name was Patton. He was later promoted to a sergeancy. I am the marine wearing the white duty belt, next to him. Over my shoulder can be seen dimly the sister ship of the *Zrinyi*, the *Radetzky*.

"We three marines were aboard the ship to guard a sailor who was awaiting questioning in connection with trouble some of the crew had had with nearby civilians.

"I suppose some of the officers in the group are now well up in the ranks. I would like to hear from anyone who was in this picture and as I still have the negative, I will gladly send him a print of it. I would also like to know what became of that dog mascot. Did one of the crew bring him

home to the States? Perhaps some day we may be able to enjoy a get-together."

WONDER if you recall in these columns in the February, 1940, issue, an item introduced with the phrase, "Babies, Just Babies!" which was based on a letter that came from Legionnaire W. C. McCullough of Isleta, Ohio, from which we republish the following extract: "As a hospital corpsman at U. S. Naval Base Hospital No. 5, located at Brest, I remember a child being born to American parents in the hospital during 1918. . . . The father was either an Army or Marine officer."

Even at the time, we felt we were stretching a point by using the plural of baby—but time has proved that our statement was correct. In our report then, we traced the investigation we had made with the aid of Legionnaires Walter Gorsline of Montello, Wisconsin, Joseph Hines of Latrobe, Pennsylvania, and through the Office of Naval Records and Library in Washington, D. C. There developed some confusion as to whether the father of this child was an officer in the military service or, as a letter that eventually came from the naval office in Washington suggested, the then American Consul in Brest. The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, while admitting that the Consul's wife had been a patient in the Naval Hospital, stated that the records did not indicate that a child had been born to her.

Well, the story in Then and Now brought results. Not long after the February issue was distributed, we got a letter from none other than Sample B. Forbus of Durham, North Carolina, who certainly was in a position to give the following firsthand information:

"My good friend, Mr. J. C. Crutchfield, who served as electrician, second class, on the U. S. S. *Bath* and U. S. S. *Frederick* during the World War and is now a member of Durham (North Carolina) Post, has

called my attention to John J. Noll's department in the February issue of The American Legion Magazine.

"I am accepting Mr. Noll's invitation to 'let him hear more of the baby reported to have been born in the Naval Hospital in Brest, France,' by adding the following to his Odyssey:

"At the time in question I was an American Consul and was assigned to Brest, France, arriving there in January, 1918, accompanied by my wife. Through the unusual and greatly appreciated courtesies of Admiral Henry B. Wilson, the Commander of the United States Naval Forces in France, with headquarters at Brest, my wife was extended the privilege of being hospitalized in Naval Hospital No. 5, for the delivery of her first baby. The naval doctors, nurses and attendants not only did a first-rate professional job, but they gave my wife and myself such courtesies and consideration incidental to her hospitalization that we both carry lasting memories of their kindness. You may well believe that the United States Navy has a personal meaning to us, and it has our affections beyond the usual patriotic admiration.

"The baby born in Naval Base Hospital No. 5 was a healthy girl and was named Elizabeth Jarrett Forbus. That navy baby is now Mrs. Edward B. Ashforth, who resides in Astoria, Long Island, New York, and has a fine baby girl of her own.

"It may be of further interest to state that this same baby returned to the United States with her mother for a visit during the war and made the return trip on the famous old *Leviathan* and on that trip Josephus Daniels, wartime Secretary of the Navy, was also aboard. Truly, then, she is a United States Navy baby!"

BEFORE the receipt of Mr. Forbus's letter, however, fellow Legionnaires had come to our aid. Mrs. G. Ethel Russell Ulary of North East, Maryland, reported that she had

(Continued on page 62)

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

J. W. SCHLAIKJER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.
GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, Lafayette Post, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.
ERIK MADISEN, Oney Johnston Post, Appleton, Wisconsin.
WILLIAM HEASLIP, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
HENRY W. FLEET, East Side Post, New York City.
FAIRFAX DOWNEY, Second Division Post, New York City.
FRANK STREET, Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.
HARRY TOWNSEND, Frank C. Godfrey Post, Norwalk, Connecticut.
FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR., Frederick M. Rodgers Post, Palmyra, New Jersey.
GEORGE SHANKS, Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York.
FREDERICK PALMER, City Club Post, New York City.
KARL DETZER, Leelanue County Post, Leland, Michigan.
HERBERT CURTIS, Bellingham (Washington) Post.
GRANT POWERS, Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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WHOA, THERE! Sick Call!

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been a nurse in Naval Base Hospital No. 5 and added: "I don't remember about a baby being born in the hospital but I do recall there was some secrecy about a woman patient being in a naval hospital." She advised us that in her hospital Miss Alice M. Garrett of Media, Pennsylvania, had been chief nurse, Miss Fay Fulton, of Philadelphia, anesthetist, and Miss Alice Hurst, also of Philadelphia, in charge of the operating room.

We wrote to these three fellow veterans and in response, Miss Hurst, on the letterhead of the School of Nursing, Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, reported that she had no information, "having been absent from the hospital and assigned to other duties at the time of this event." Miss Garrett wrote to say, "I read the item, 'Babies, Just Babies,' in the February issue with interest for I knew a baby was born in our hospital in Brest—a most unusual occurrence in a Naval Base. I remember the incident was mentioned at our last reunion in December. . . . I am hoping Miss Fulton, Miss Hurst or Guy Quick, secretary of our Naval Base Hospital No. 5 Association, can furnish details."

Then a letter from Miss Fulton, also from the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia, from which we extract the following: "Your letter was handed to Guy Quick, secretary of Base No. 5 reunions. . . . Regretfully I have only a few facts for you.

"I can give definite information that Mrs. Sample Forbus was delivered of a baby girl, July 21, 1918, in our hospital. She was an American Consul's wife. . . . Mr. W. C. McCullough of Isleta, Ohio, is quite right in his report of the Army officer's wife who was delivered of a baby boy, August 3, 1918, also in Naval Base No. 5. I do know a little something about the Army officer. His name was John Paul Good. He had been a student at Oxford, England, when war broke out, and joined the English army. He married an English girl. When America entered the war, he was placed with American Forces, came to Brest and was allowed to bring his wife with him. Mr. Good was a lawyer from Lincoln, Nebraska. . . . I was with Navy Base No. 5 at Brest, and am a charter member of Helen Fairchild Nurses Post, Philadelphia."

We were getting places—and then came confirmation from Secretary Guy C. Quick of Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania. In part, he said, "It is my recollection that there were two babies born in our hospital. . . . In July of

1918 there was born to Mrs. Forbus, wife of the American Consul, a baby girl. . . . I recall that another baby was born to a French girl who had married an American naval officer, but I cannot find anyone to confirm this thought."

We then proceeded to search for Mr. Good. The Adjutant General's Office, War Department, in Washington, had no record of a John Paul Good. The Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, however, told us that former Ensign Paul F. Good, USNR, resided in Lincoln, Nebraska, and he proved to be our man—a member of the law firm of Good & Simons. So it was a former gob. Ensign Good, who made this interesting report to us:

"Your information is correct. While I was an ensign on the staff of Admiral Sims in London, I was married to Dorothy Collins at Clyst St. George near Exeter, Devonshire, England, on September 1, 1917, and we lived in London for a little over a month. I was then transferred to Brest, serving in our Naval Headquarters there until after the Armistice. Since the regulations did not forbid the wife of an American officer to accompany him to other points in Europe, if she were already over there, my wife went with me to Brest.

"Our son, John Paul Good, was born on August 3, 1918, at Naval Base Hospital No. 5 in Brest. Dr. Talley officiated and Miss Erma Holloway, one of the regular staff nurses, took care of my wife. It was, of course, a very fine thing that the Navy did for us in taking care of Mrs. Good and the baby. Admiral Wilson, then in charge of Naval Headquarters, insisted that we arrange it that way. Because of the great amount of noise the baby made, it was natural that the navy personnel of the hospital dubbed him 'the boatswain!'

"We returned to the States soon after the Armistice and reached Lincoln on Christmas Day, 1918, and our home has been here ever since. John now has three younger brothers. After finishing the Lincoln grade schools and high school, John attended Amherst College in Massachusetts, from which he graduated this past June 16th. We are proud of the fact that he graduated at the head of his class, *summa cum laude*, and was awarded a fellowship under which he is studying law at the University of Chicago Law School this fall.

"I was extremely interested to learn that you were in communication with Mr. Forbus. We had completely lost touch with both Mr. and Mrs.

Forbus since we left Brest. Naturally Mrs. Good and Mrs. Forbus were very friendly in view of the fact that Mrs. Forbus's child was born about ten days before John was born. As you request, I am sending a recent photograph of our Navy-born son.

"I have been a member of Lincoln Post of the Legion ever since its organization."

We are happy to show what John Paul Good looks like now—his photograph appears on page 35. Sorry, though, our efforts to obtain a picture of the Forbus daughter, also born under Navy auspices, were unsuccessful.

THE place of the 1941 Legion National Convention, as we have already announced, is Milwaukee, Wisconsin; the time, September 15th to 18th. As soon as the Convention Corporation advises us the name of the Convention Reunions Chairman, that information will also be passed on to those outfits that will want his aid in arranging reunions. Some outfits follow the Legion yearly and their reunions are already scheduled; others are rapidly lining up. Report your intentions to The Company Clerk and your reunions will be announced in this column.

Following are the outfits already lined up for National Convention reunions in Milwaukee:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Theo. E. Nelson, natl. comdr. 1912 S. 36th St., Omaha, Neb.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner for all CWS vets, any outfit USA or AEF. Geo. W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Convention reunion. Write to Walter A. Anderson, secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

BTRIES. A, B & C, 44TH C. A. C.—Reunion. Write to Harold Hallagan, 26 Main St., Asbury Park, N. J.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Vets interested in reunion, write W. B. Robbins, secy.-treas., 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

215TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Write to Jacob Lewis, ex-M.E., 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

401ST MOTOR TRUCK CO.—Reunion. Write to Raymond L. Ristaino, Washington St. Greenhouses, Franklin, Mass.

U. S. TRANSPORT *Orizaba*—Proposed reunion. Write to Groesbeck Walsh, M.D., Employees Hospital, Fairfield, Ala.

U. S. S. *Zealandia*—Reunion of crew. Leonard W. Wittman, 1908 E. Main, Rochester, N. Y.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of reunions and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

Soc. of 3d Div.—22d annual reunion, Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., July 10-12. Wm. A. Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th Pl., N.E., Washington, D. C. For copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*, write Harry Cedar, 4320 Old Dominion Dr., Arlington, Va.

32d DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 30-31. Chas. Alexander, conv. chmn., 108 N. Forbes St., Jackson.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—23d annual natl. reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 12-14. Arthur E. Slattery, chmn., 107 McLaren St., Red Bank, N. J.

308TH INF.—Annual reunion and dinner, Hotel Governor Clinton, 7th Av. & 31st St., New York City, Sat., Feb. 8. David Milbauer, chmn., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—10th reunion, Reservoir Park, Tyrone, Pa., Aug. 3. Write Jonas R. Smith, secy., 4911 N. Mervine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CO. H, 53D PIONEER INF. (old 47TH INF.)—Proposed reunion. Write Frank Schwahn, 103-36 118th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

55TH ART. VETS. ASSOC.—To complete roster and receive advices of 1941 reunion, write to Joseph A. Murray, natl. pres., U. D. C., 43 Leon St., Boston, Mass.

BTRY. A, 124TH F. A.—22d reunion, Springfield, Ill., Jan. 11. Write Emmett Rebok, 800 S. Ninth St., Springfield.

60TH KY. ENGRS. ASSOC. AND AUX.—10th reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., July 17-20. D. E. and Eula Gallagher, secys., 821 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

415TH R. R. TEL. BN., S. C.—Annual banquet-reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 18. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell St., Chicago.

28TH SERV. CO., SIG. CORPS (DEPT. CO. F, BURLINGTON, VT.)—Proposed organization and reunion. Write Alfred W. Cooley, Alton, N. H.

27TH CONSTRUCTION CO., A.S.A.—Proposed reunion. Write Fred E. Higbee, Lubbock, Tex. Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH. REGT.—To obtain revised roster, vets write to Clifford R. Summers, c/o Carey-McFall Co., 2156 E. Dauphin St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE HOSP. 22—Complete history ready for distribution, two dollars. V. V. Miller, historian, 2762 N. 53d St., Milwaukee, Wis.

EVAC. HOSP. 9—Proposed organization and reunion. Write to John A. Payne, 132 Hawthorne Av., Utica, N. Y.

4TH RECRUIT CO., FT. SLOCUM ("FIGHTING ACCOUNTANTS")—For information of semi-annual reunion-dinners, write to Burton A. Goldsmith, 731 Copeland St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—All who served with Atlantic Fleet, mine-laying or sweeping, report to J. Frank Brock, secy., 3 Bangor Rd., Roxbury, Mass., for roster.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC., PACIFIC COAST CHAP.—Newly organized. For membership, write to Jimmie Gee, 1626 Illinois St., Vallejo, Calif.

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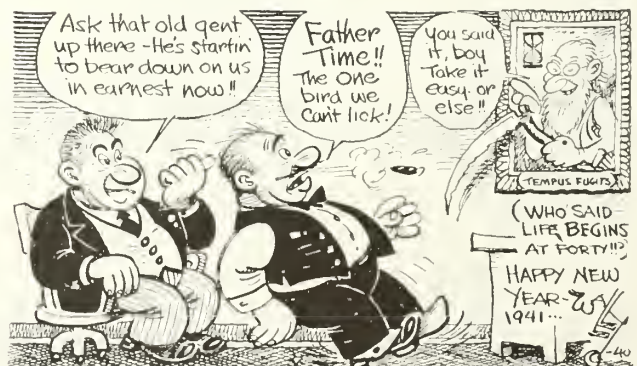
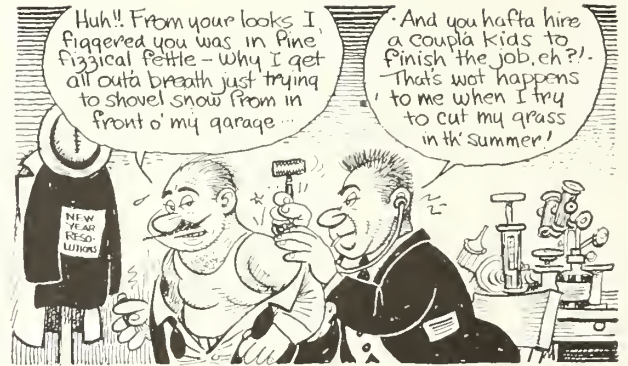
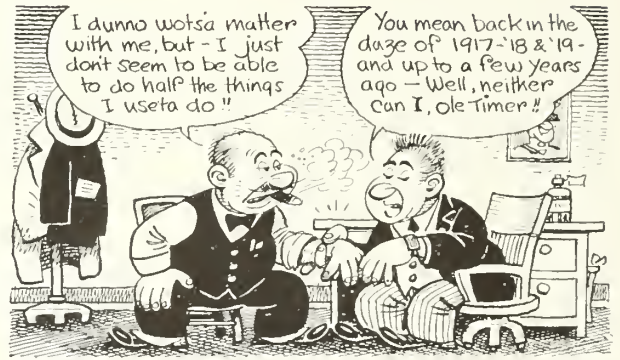
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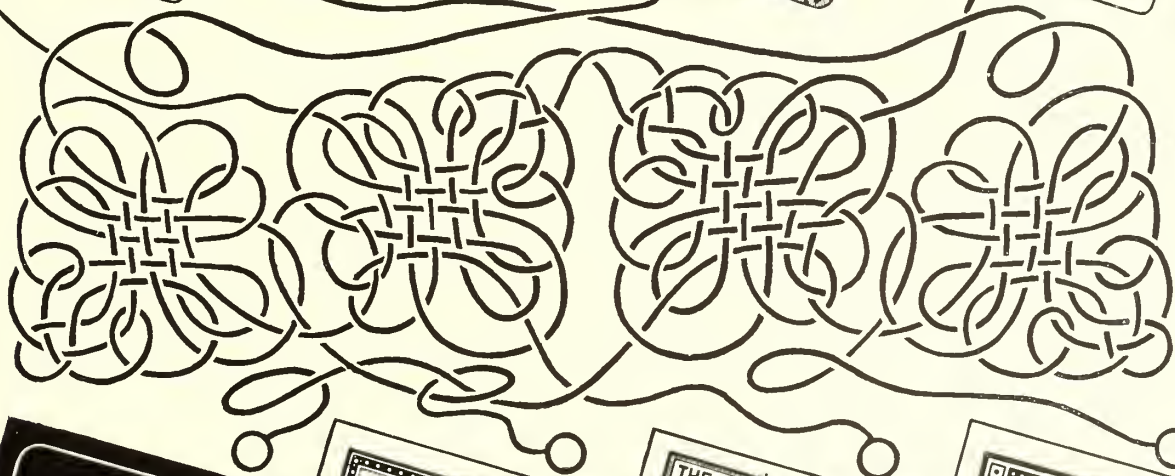
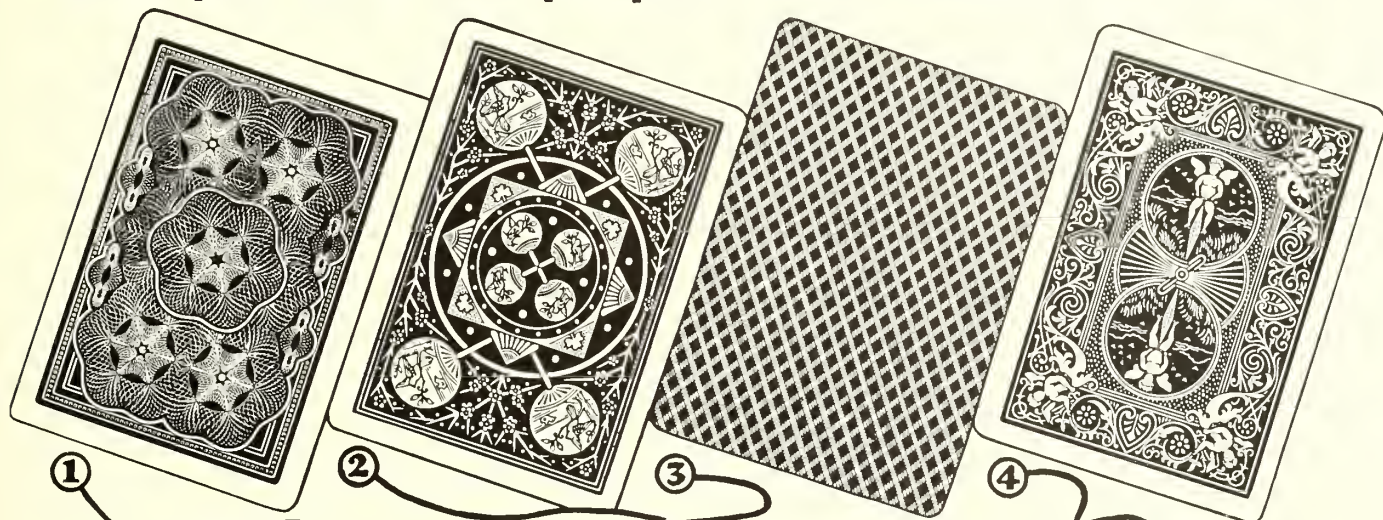
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